



McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Make friends with Martell
COGNAC

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE



LATE KING GEORGE VI

Red Hackle
DE LUXE
SCOTCH WHISKY

PROPRIETORS

Kepburn & Ross

GLASGOW

'Are you a POLLYGAMIST?'

A POLLYGAMIST is a man who is wedded to 'Polly'
because it makes the liveliest partner for "Scotch".

Apollinaris NATURAL SPARKLING WATER—BOTTLED AT THE SPRING.

=ABDULLA = MAKE THE BEST VIRGINIA CIGARETTES * *

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS



TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Bronnley
FINE SOAPS

The finest Shrimps are...

Young's POTTED SHRIMPS



THE
ARISTOCRAT
OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR Co., Ltd., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH



"Remember the Gift of the Prince"

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.
CORPORATION

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

To add loveliness and lustre
and comfort to a room,
it needs the delightful design
and yielding texture
of a BMK all wool pile carpet.

These carpets are woven by
skilled craftsmen on modern looms.



**Guaranteed all wool pile
CARPETS & RUGS**

BLACKWOOD MORTON & SONS LTD
KILMARNOCK • SCOTLAND





"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their cigarettes are available on every route served by the following famous airways; proud too, that in many instances these cigarettes are the most widely favoured of any.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS • AIR CEYLON
EL-AL ISRAEL AIRLINES • AER LINGUS
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
CYPRUS AIRWAYS • MALAYAN AIRWAYS
BRITISH COMMONWEALTH PACIFIC AIRLINES
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS • AIR FRANCE
TRANS-AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES • SABENA
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS.
TRANSPORTES AEREOS PORTUGUESES
CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS

In your journey by air, you may observe how certainly the great comfort and luxury provided by the world's most famous airways is aptly accompanied by **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes—so very carefully made from the finest of fine tobaccos.



BENSON & HEDGES LTD
BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do

BENSON & HEDGES LTD • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W

TBW/LA12

THORNYCROFT

at the
COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW
EARLS COURT

September 24th to October 2nd.

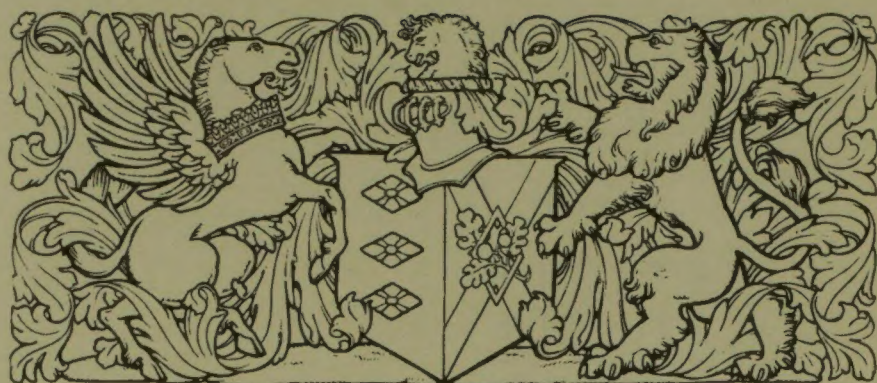
On STAND 93
our exhibits will include
the NEW

6×6 Cross-country CHASSIS	6×4 Heavy Duty TRACTOR
4×2 TRIDENT EXPORT CHASSIS	11.3 litre Supercharged DIESEL ENGINE

and both Home and Overseas buyers
will find much to interest them.

Latest examples of Thornycroft Home and
Export vehicles will also be on show on the
leading Coachbuilders' Stands—numbers
37, 39, 43, 47, 98, 100, 115, 128 and 129.

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO., LIMITED,
Thornycroft House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.



LEATHER UPHOLSTERY MAKES YOUR NEW CAR A LASTING INVESTMENT

Real leather is unique for its enduring comfort and
luxurious appearance. So, even if this refinement
involves a little extra cost, you will be more proud
of your car and, when the time comes to re-sell,
your good judgment will be more than rewarded.

"YOUR CAR AND YOUR COMFORT" is the title of a booklet on the virtues of
leather upholstery and gives an up-to-date price list of cars that are available with
leather upholstery. Write to: The Dressed Hide Leather Publicity Committee,
Leather Trade House, Barter Street, London, W.C.1.

Firestone

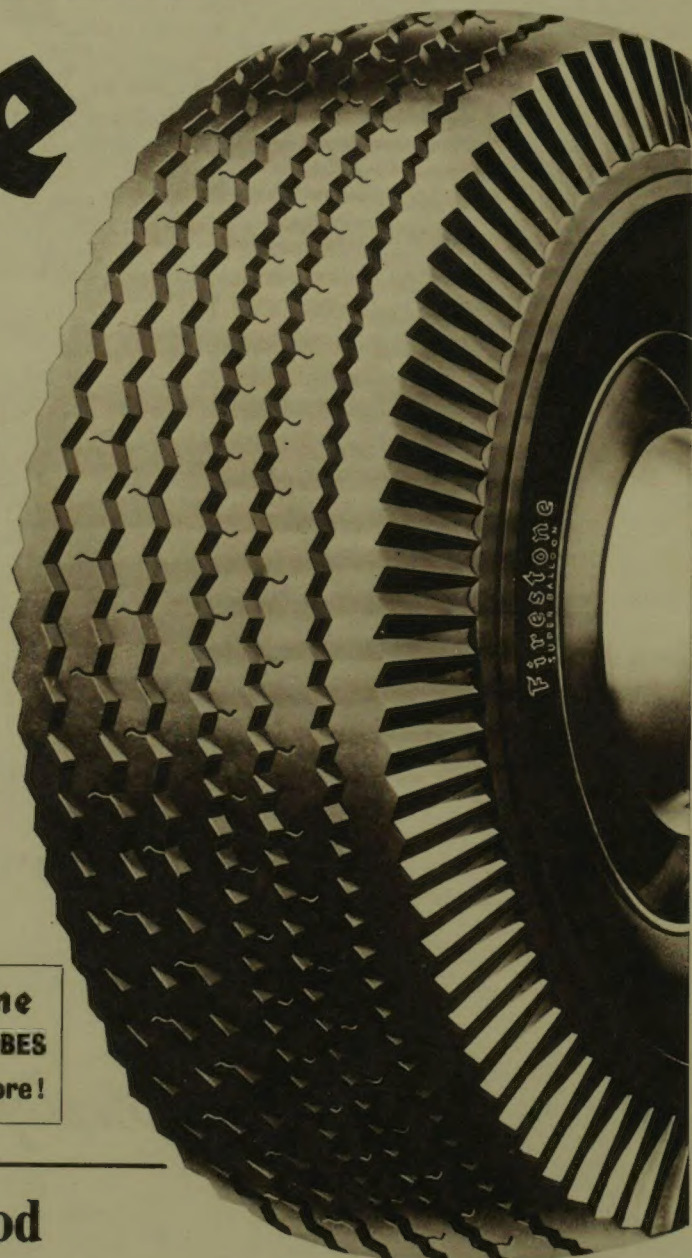
** Experience Counts -*

- ✓ More dependable ✓ Better built
- ✓ Safer & Stronger ✓ Longer wearing
- ✓ Quieter running
- ✓ Best value for your money

★ 26 Factories throughout the world.
Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.

Fit Firestone
LEAKPROOF TUBES
— they cost no more!

Firestone TYRES — consistently good





Metal Windows v. tropical disease

No mosquito, no fly has any hope of getting through a Williams and Williams metal window with its flyscreen of copper mesh or the new woven plastic. For the windows won't rot, warp, or be eaten; nor will they swell or shrink out of shape in any climate. They fit. And the screens fit. And they both keep on fitting year in, year out. Which is why you find them in East and West Africa, in India, Burma, Bolivia and Hong Kong. Ask the Williams & Williams agent in your territory for more information.

METAL WINDOWS

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS



Manufacturers of metal windows, steel doors and door frames, Aluminex Patent Glazing and light steel fabrications all over the world. Head Office: Williams and Williams Ltd., Reliance Works, Chester, England. Members of the Metal Window Manufacturers' Association



"Tulyar"

pur sang

The remarkable stamina of Bristol cars is the outcome of constant research and refinement of design, backed by strenuous testing in the laboratory and in the most arduous of road races. It is this policy of 'selective breeding' which gives Bristol cars their gentle manners and vigorous performance.



1st, 2nd, 3rd in 2-litre Class Le Mans 1954
(the ONLY team to finish)

2nd, 3rd, 4th in 2-litre Class Rheims 1954

In these two races the same team of three cars covered nearly 10,000 miles in 36 hours

BRISTOL 2-LITRE CARS

The Bristol 403 and 404



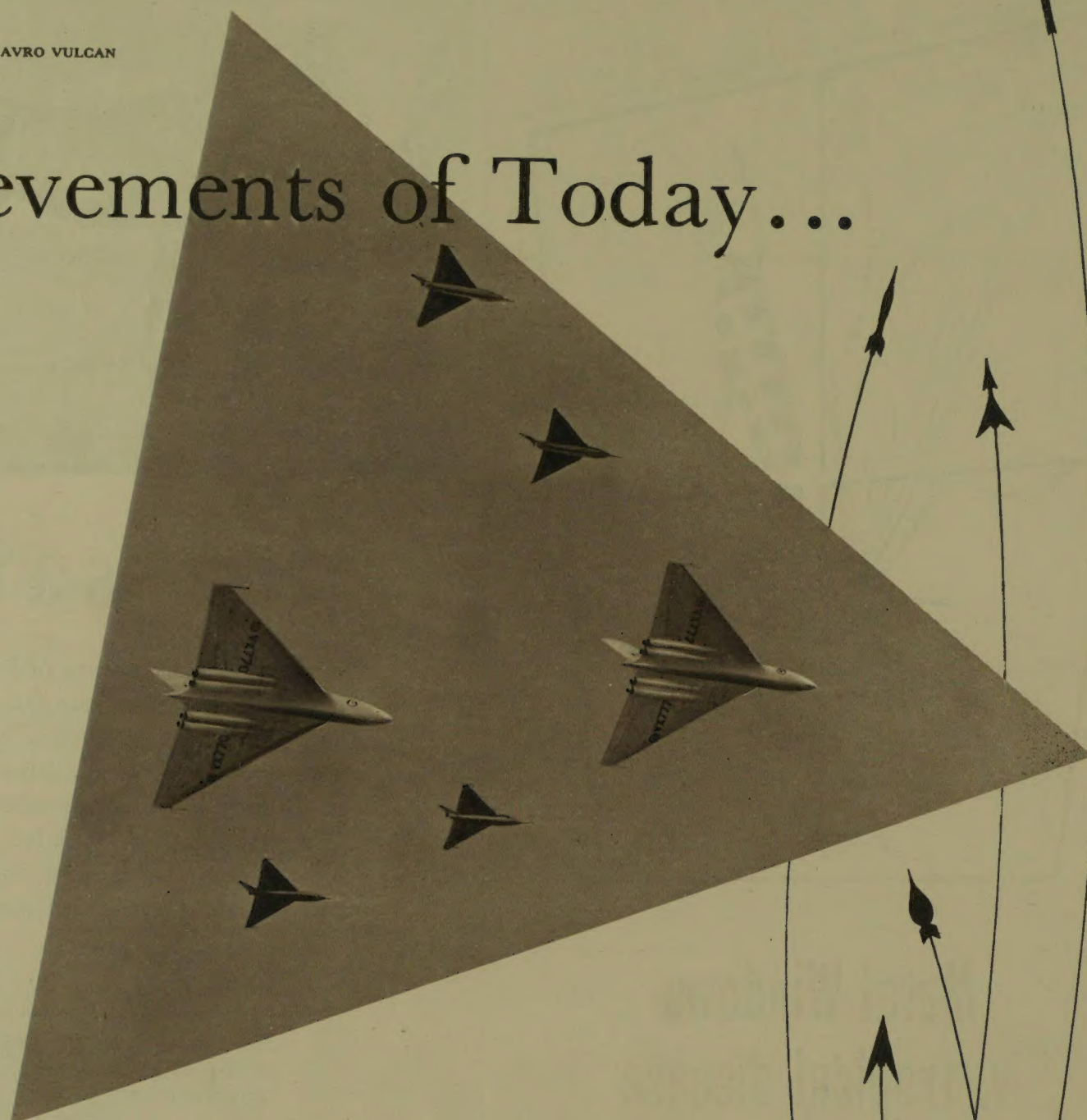
THE CAR DIVISION OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

London Showrooms: 80, Piccadilly, W.1.

BOMBS AWAY!—the story of an R.A.F. bomber

NO. 8 IN A SERIES ON THE AVRO VULCAN

Achievements of Today...



Dreams of Tomorrow

The first chapters of the Delta story have now been written. And what splendid reading they make! When the Avro VULCAN, world's first 4-jet delta bomber, made its debut in August 1952, it provided one of those rare milestones in aviation which mark a truly significant departure from conventional design. This bomber was a clear First. It was followed by other operational types in the U.K. and the U.S.A. and experimental designs in Sweden and France.

As the story unfolds, this new shape so brilliantly pioneered by Avro, promises to be an arrowhead of aeronautical progress for years to come. With its remarkable performance and exceptional safety, the Delta, in developed form, will be used to provide sustained flight beyond the sound barrier. It may also prove best in those vast empty regions beyond the stratosphere where speed will be measured in thousands of miles per hour.

But in the aircraft industry, dreams like this are realised only after years of intensive research and development. Avro know this and are providing their designers, technicians and production engineers with the most advanced equipment that modern science can offer.

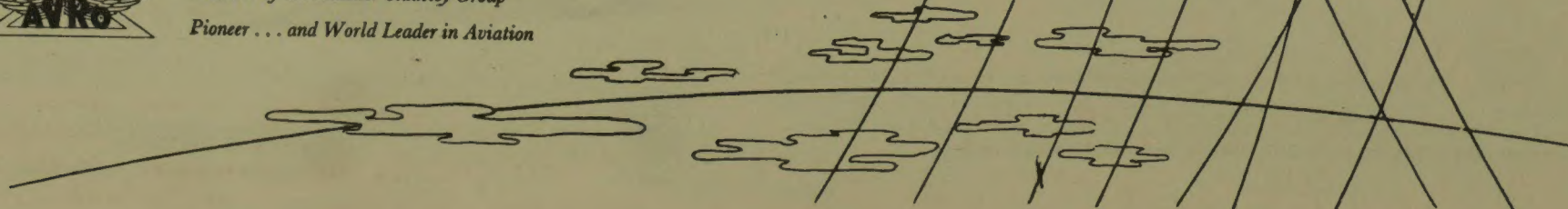
No wonder that in the half century of their history, Avro have played no small part in man's conquest of the air—the AVRO 504, the Anson, the Lancaster, all immortals, and now the Vulcan! Tomorrow...?

A. V. Roe & CO. LIMITED / *Manchester*



Member of the Hawker Siddeley Group

Pioneer... and World Leader in Aviation



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1954.



ANGLO-AMERICAN SOLIDARITY TO MEET THE CRISIS IN THE DEFENCE OF EUROPE: MR. DULLES (LEFT), SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ON LEAVING NO. 10, DOWNING STREET. BETWEEN THEM, MR. ANTHONY EDEN.

On the evening of September 16 Mr. Eden returned from his visit to the E.D.C. capitals and on the morning of September 17 attended a Cabinet meeting, which he left to meet Mr. Dulles at London Airport. Mr. Dulles had just returned from Bonn, where he had been seeing Dr. Adenauer. Together Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles went to No. 10, Downing Street, where they had luncheon with Sir Winston Churchill, later moving to the Foreign Office for more formal talks. A statement issued afterwards said that "they agreed upon

the need for speedy action and favoured the early convening of a preparatory conference to consider how best to associate the German Federal Republic with Western nations on a basis of full equality." On September 18 formal invitations were sent by the Foreign Office to the Governments of the U.S., Canada, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg to attend a conference on this subject in London, beginning on September 28. Photographs of Mr. Eden's European tour appear on page 491.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A REPRINT FROM OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1905, OF THE FIRST ARTICLE BY THE THIRD CONTRIBUTOR TO THIS PAGE.

I CANNOT imagine why this season of the year is called by journalists the Silly Season: it is the only season in which men have time for wisdom. This can be seen even by glancing at those remarkable documents, the daily papers. As long as Parliament is sitting, the most minute and fugitive things are made to seem important. We have enormous headlines about the vote on a coastguard's supply of cats'-meat, or a scene in the House over the perquisites of the butler of the Consul at Port Said. Trivialities, in a word, are made to seem tremendous, until the Silly Season, or the season of wisdom, begins. Then, for the first time, we have a moment to think—that moment to think which all peasants have and all barbarians, the moment during which they made up the Iliad and the Book of Job. Few of us have actually done this. But the fact that the Silly Season is really the serious season is very clearly shown in our newspapers, for all that. In the Silly Season we suddenly lose interest in all frivolities. We suddenly drop the drivelling problems of the coastguard and the Consul at Port Said, and we suddenly become interested in controversies of which the contributors may be drivelling enough, but of which the problems are not drivelling at all. We begin to discuss "The Decay of Home Life," or "What is Wrong?" or the authority of the Scriptures, or "Do We Believe?" These really awful and eternal problems are never discussed except in the Silly Season. All the rest of the year we are light and irresponsible; now for a few months we are really severe. While the Whips are clamouring for votes we only ask "Do We Vote?"; when they have for a space left us alone we have time to ask "Do We Believe?" In the ordinary seasons we are always asking "Is this Government a Failure?" It is only in the Silly Season that we have the seriousness to ask "Is Marriage a Failure?" Yes; it is only during this fleeting time that we can really think of the things that are not fleeting. The time of our holidays is the only time in which we can really manage to turn our minds to these grave and everlasting riddles that abide behind every civilisation. The holidays are the only times when we are not carried away by every chance occurrence or staggered by every startling poster in the streets. The holidays are the only time in which we can judge slowly and sincerely like philosophers. The Silly Season is the only time when we are not silly.

This solemn character in holidays is, of course, implied in their very name: the day that is made a holiday is the day that is made holy. And in practice it will generally be found that holidays are opportunities for the emergence of the more serious side of a man. He has been kept during the rest of the year at trifling and passing matters—the writing of articles or the canvassing of soap. Now he rushes away to the things that are most eternal, sports in the simple country, hunting on the great hills. He is a clerk spending all the rest of his time in the newest and most changeable of all things—the suburbs. What does he do for his holiday? He rushes away to the oldest and most unchangeable of all things—the sea.

Of one thing I am quite absolutely convinced, that the very idlest kind of holiday is the very best. By being idle you are mixing with the inmost life of the place where you are; by doing nothing you are doing everything. The local atmosphere finds you unresisting and fills you, while all the others have filled themselves with the stuff of guide-books and the cheerless east wind of culture. Above all, refuse—refuse with passion—to see any places of interest. If you violently decline to see the Castle of Edinburgh, you will have your reward, a delight reserved for very few: you will see Edinburgh. If you deny the very existence of the Morgue, the Madeleine, and the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, the Eiffel Tower, and the tomb of Napoleon, in the calm of that sacred clearance you will suddenly see Paris. In the name of everything that is sacred, this is not what people call paradox; it is a fragment from a sensible guide-book that has never been written. And if you really want me to give the reasonable reasons for it, I will.

There is a very plain and sensible reason why nobody need visit places of interest in foreign countries. It is simply that all over Europe, at any rate, places of interest are exactly the same. They all bear witness to the great Roman civilisation or the great mediæval civilisation, which were mostly the same in all countries. The most wonderful things to be seen in Cologne are exactly the things that one need not go to Cologne to see. The greatest things that there are in Paris are exactly the sort of things that there are in Smithfield. The wonders of the world are the same all over the world; at least, all over the European world. The marvels are at all our doors. A clerk in Lambeth has no right not to know that there was a Christian art exuberant in the thirteenth century; for only across the river he can see the live stones of the Middle Ages surging together towards the stars. A yokel hoeing potatoes in Sussex has no right not to

know that the bones of Europe are the Roman roads. In a French valley the Roman camp is exactly the thing we need not see; for we have Roman camps in England. In a German city the Cathedral is exactly the thing we need not see, for we have Cathedrals in England. Exactly the thing we have not in England is a French open-air café. Exactly the thing we have not in England is a German beer-garden. It is the common life of the people in a foreign place which is really a wonder and delight to the eyes. It is the ordinary things that astonish us in France or Germany. The extraordinary things we know quite well already. They have been thoroughly explained to us by the insupportable cicerones of Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. The man who refuses to be moved out of his seat in a Parisian café to see the Musée de Cluny is paying the grandest tribute to the French people. It is the same, of course, with the foreigner in England. There is no need for a Frenchman to look earnestly at Westminster Abbey as a piece of English architecture. It is not a piece of English architecture. But a hansom cab is a piece of English architecture. It is a thing produced by the peculiar poetry of our English cities. It has never, for some mysterious reason, really been domesticated abroad. It is a symbol of a certain reckless comfort which is really English. It is a thing to draw a pilgrimage of the nations. The imaginative Englishman will be found all day in a café; the imaginative Frenchman in a hansom cab.

The hansom cab is a thing marvellously symbolic, as I have said, of the real spirit of our English society. The chief evil of English society is that our love of liberty, in itself a noble thing, tends to give too much prominence and power to the rich; for liberty means sprees, and sprees mean money. To break windows is in itself a large and human ideal; but in practice the man who breaks most windows will probably be the

man who can pay for them. Hence this great power of an aristocratic individualism in English life; an aristocratic individualism of which the great symbol is the hansom cab. The chief oddity of the English upper class is the combination of considerable personal courage with absurd personal luxury. A foreign army would conquer them best by capturing their toilet-bags. They are careless of their lives, but they are careful of their way of living. And this combination of courage and commodiousness, which runs through innumerable English institutions, can be seen even in the hansom cab. Compared with most other vehicles, compared more especially with most foreign vehicles, it is at once more sumptuous and more unsafe. It is a thing in which

a man may be killed, but in which he may be killed comfortably. He may be thrown out, but he will not really want to get out.

When I was going down the river on an L.C.C. steamer the other day, a man standing near me pointed out the piles of great buildings on either bank (it was by Westminster and Lambeth) and said, "This is calculated to impress the foreigner." Why should it impress the foreigner? Has the foreigner never seen a building more than one storey high? Do Frenchmen and Germans live in mud huts? Have they no abbeys in their countries or no bishops' palaces? No; if you wish to impress the foreigner, cling convulsively to your hansom cab. Never let him see you except in this vehicle. Drive round your back-garden in it; drive it up the centre aisle when you go to church. When the British Army advances into battle, let each private soldier be inside a hansom cab, and its enemies will flee before it.

I am deeply grieved to see that Mr. Max Beerbohm has been saying that he does not find London beautiful or romantic. Not only is London really full of romance, but it is full of a peculiarly delicate and old-world type of romance. Every other city is singing and buzzing with modern methods; especially the cities we commonly call decadent. Rome is smart and Yankee compared with London. Florence is Chicago compared with London. The old Italian cities are ringing with electric-cars and marked out into great maps of hygiene. Only our London retains its fascinating, crooked high-streets. Only our London keeps its own dreamy and deliberate omnibus. Adorable dreamer, whispering from its turrets the last secrets of the Middle Ages! Somebody said that about Oxford (if you think I don't know, it was Matthew Arnold); but it really applies to London and not to Oxford in the least. If you really wish to have your ears and soul filled with the song and imagery of the past, go into the Underground Railway at Victoria Station and ride, let us say, to the Mansion House. Close your eyes, and listen reverently for the names. St. James's Park—pilgrims with staffs and scallops... Westminster Bridge—the English Saints and Kings... Charing Cross—King Edward... The Temple—the fall of that proud, mysterious league of Templars... Blackfriars—a dark line of crows! I beseech you, do not destroy London. It is a sacred ruin.

"OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE OVER 66 YEARS.

DURING Sir Arthur Bryant's holiday we are reprinting each week the first article by each of the four contributors to this page: James Payn (1830-1898), with whom the feature began; L. F. Austin (1852-1905); G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936) and Sir Arthur Bryant (b. 1899).

The first article by James Payn was



G. K. CHESTERTON (1874-1936).

reprinted in our issue of September 11, and that of L. F. Austin in our issue of September 18.

Here we reprint the first article by G. K. Chesterton, which appeared in our issue of September 30, 1905, and heralded the series of brilliant weekly essays which continued up to his death in 1936, and are still vivid in the minds of many of our readers.



SEPTEMBER 15: THE CRUCIAL STAGE OF MR. EDEN'S EUROPEAN TOUR. MR. EDEN (RIGHT) TALKING WITH THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, M. MENDÈS-FRANCE, AFTER DINNER IN PARIS.

"A JOURNEY OF EXTRAORDINARY VALUE":
MR. EDEN'S TOUR, AND MR. DULLES' VISIT.



SEPTEMBER 14: THE ITALIAN PREMIER WITH MR. EDEN AT THE VIMINALE PALACE, IN ROME. MR. EDEN HAD PREVIOUSLY TALKED WITH SIGNOR PICCIONI.



SEPTEMBER 12: MR. EDEN (LEFT) WITH DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR, AT THE PALAIS SCHAUMBURG AT BONN. "COMPLETE AGREEMENT WAS REACHED."



SEPTEMBER 14: MR. EDEN SIGNING THE BOOK AT THE QUIRINAL PALACE, ROME, THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE. BEHIND MR. EDEN, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.



SEPTEMBER 16: MR. DULLES, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE (RIGHT), DURING HIS FLYING VISIT TO BONN, TALKING WITH DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR.



THE TWO FLYING TRAVELLERS IN SEARCH OF EUROPEAN SECURITY MEET. MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES (LEFT) WITH MR. EDEN AT LONDON AIRPORT.

Following the rejection by the French Government of the European Defence Community (with its corollary of the sovereignty of Western Germany), the E.D.C. Governments accepted a proposal by Mr. Eden that he should discuss personally with their Foreign Ministers the situation so created. Accordingly, on September 11 Mr. Eden began what Dr. Adenauer later called a journey of "extraordinary value for Europe and the peace of the world," and that day met at Brussels the Foreign Ministers of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, and full agreement on the goals to be achieved and the methods to be used was reached. On September 12 Mr. Eden met Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, and his advisers; and in a joint statement of September 13

reference was made to "lasting Franco-German understanding" and to efforts to achieve European unity, in which the United Kingdom can play a full part. On September 13 Mr. Eden reached Rome and met Signor Scelba, the Prime Minister, and Signor Piccioni, then Foreign Minister. Here, too, complete agreement was reached and reference made to the inclusion of Germany and the full participation of Britain. On September 15 Mr. Eden reached Paris for the most difficult stage of the negotiations and the statement issued said that Britain was "well satisfied with the substantial progress made." Meanwhile, Mr. Dulles paid a flying visit to Bonn and, as reported on the front page, agreement was reached for a nine-Power Conference to start in London on September 28.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS.



OUT-ROWED IN JAPAN: THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY EIGHT (FOREGROUND), WHO FINISHED LAST IN A THREE-SHELL RACE AGAINST KYOTO AND HITOTSUBASHI UNIVERSITIES. The Cambridge University eight were knocked out of the semi-finals in the All-Japan Amateur Rowing Association's summer regatta at Tokyo on September 12. They were again out-rowed in a four-shell race against Japanese University crews in the Asahi Invitation Regatta on Sumida River, Tokyo, on Sept. 19.



PARTLY SUBMERGED IN ST. PETER PORT HARBOUR, GUERNSEY: AN R.A.F. SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT WHICH SANK AFTER HAVING STRUCK A HIDDEN ROCK ON LANDING.

On September 15 a Sunderland flying-boat of No. 201 Squadron Coastal Command R.A.F. struck a rock on landing at Guernsey and sank in St. Peter Port Harbour. There were twenty-three people on board, all of whom escaped without injury. As soon as the captain realised that the aircraft had been holed he



SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE TO A "JEEP": THE NEW QUARTER-TON FORD XM-151 DEVELOPED FOR THE U.S. ARMY ORDNANCE BY THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY. THIS VEHICLE IS UNDERGOING TESTS AT THE ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS IN MARYLAND. IT HAS A NEW OVERHEAD-VALVE ENGINE AND A NEW FOUR-SPEED FORWARD TRANSMISSION.



A PORTUGUESE TRAIN CRASH IN WHICH ELEVEN PEOPLE WERE REPORTED KILLED: THE WRECKED TRAIN NEAR ODEMIRA, SOME 80 MILES FROM LISBON. Eleven people were reported killed and twenty seriously injured on September 13 when an Algarve to Lisbon express train crashed near Odemira some 80 miles south of Lisbon. The engine and the first three coaches were derailed.



PATCHING UP THE DAMAGE: MEN WORKING ON THE R.A.F. SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT, WHICH WAS LEFT HIGH AND DRY AT LOW TIDE IN ST. PETER PORT HARBOUR. set it at full speed over the water just under half a mile to the harbour, where the occupants were rescued. The flying-boat was towed into an inner harbour, where examination at low tide on the following day, revealed that there was a slit in the bottom of the hull.



LED BY THEIR DRUM MAJOR: THE WOMEN'S ROYAL AIR FORCE CENTRAL BAND WHICH STARTED A TWO-WEEKS TOUR OF TWELVE MAJOR CITIES AND TOWNS IN THE MIDLANDS AND NORTH OF ENGLAND ON SEPTEMBER 21. IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH MEMBERS OF THE BAND CAN BE SEEN PRACTISING AT THE R.A.F. STATION AT UXBRIDGE.



DURING THEIR INFORMAL VISIT TO H.M.S. *SHEFFIELD*, IN NEW YORK: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ON THE DECK OF THE BRITISH CRUISER.



WAVING FROM THE DECK OF H.M.S. *SHEFFIELD*: THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND COMMODORE K. McN. CAMPBELL WALTER, THE COMMANDING OFFICER.



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK FOR AN EIGHT-DAY "UNOFFICIAL" VISIT: THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT LAGUARDIA AIRPORT.

IN THE UNITED STATES: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT ARRIVING IN NEW YORK; AND ON BOARD H.M.S. *SHEFFIELD*.

The Duchess of Kent, having completed her tour of Canada, arrived in New York by air on September 14 for "an entirely private and unofficial" eight-day visit. Princess Alexandra spent two days in the Laurentian Mountains before rejoining her mother in New York. On September 17 the Duchess, accompanied by her daughter, paid a visit to the British cruiser *Sheffield*, which was paying a courtesy visit to New York. The Duchess of Kent walked through ranks of the ship's company and inspected a Royal Marines guard; and

all the officers were presented to her and to the Princess. The Royal visitors posed for a group photograph with the ship's company on the fo'c'sle. In the wardroom, the Duchess of Kent, who launched H.M.S. *Sheffield* in August 1936, saw a portrait of herself which was damaged by shell splinters in the action in which the German battleship *Bismarck* was sunk in May 1941. The Royal visitors had lunch on board with Vice-Admiral J. F. Stevens, Commander-in-Chief America and West Indies Station.

A MODERN SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL LEADER.

"THE MEMOIRS OF AGA KHAN: WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME." With a Foreword by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TO an enormous British public the Aga Khan is a princely racehorse-owner, with a profound knowledge of breeding, whose famous horses have done many of our fellow-citizens very good turns. But, although horses are in his blood, and even when he was an infant horses were run in his name in India, and he has several times led in the Derby winner, racing is only one of his many interests, and the racing world only one of his many worlds. "My career on the Turf," occupies only one short chapter in his solid book of reminiscences. Others besides myself may think that this chapter could well have been longer: that, for instance, this brainiest of breeders may have had more to say about the principles upon which he has chosen and mated his stallions and his mares. But he may well have thought that this aspect of his career needed no emphasis and that other pens than his would probably do it justice—the "Druids" and "Nimrods" of the future. A well-proportioned picture of a very full and varied life is what he wanted to give, and he has given it.

If, in one sense, he may be said to have been born in a stable, he may also be said to have been born in a palace, a mosque, and even a Vatican. His grandfather, a Persian nobleman, a relative of the Persian Royal family, and a descendant of the Prophet, was hereditary Imam of the Ismaili sect of the Shiah. After serious broils he left Persia with a large retinue of cavalry, relations and dependants and settled in Bombay. From him the Aga Khan (whose father reigned very briefly) inherited, as a small child, a peculiar position. He was head of a devout and devoted community of Moslems, numbering perhaps as many as twenty millions, and spread all over Asia, and over parts of Europe and Africa. He was not only temporal head but spiritual head; a sort of combination of Pope and Emperor—when the British Government granted him a salute of guns it would have been only seemly had he simultaneously been given a little "Vatican State" of his own, instead of remaining in the anomalous position of a ruling Prince without territory. He had a wise and loving

when he came out of the shell he was thoroughly healthy-minded, affectionate, interested in all things human, never neglectful of the divine; showing every sign of developing into the useful, admirable, curious and tolerant citizen of the world which he has since become.

The range of his social life must be unique in our time—perhaps in any time. What other man, either Occidental or Oriental, can have dined with Queen Victoria (for whom he retains the greatest veneration) and had long talks with Mr. Charles Chaplin? That

Let no one suppose from what I have written that this is the sort of volume which might be written by any rich, intelligent, cosmopolitan gossip. The Aga Khan's interests are universal, as were those of any good Athenian: he is also a "mixer," as should be any good man, of whatever religion. But although he is obliged here (and autobiography isn't easy for a man who hasn't a single-track mind) to segregate his deepest and fundamental interests into separate chapters, they underline all his activities all the time. Every day of his life he has been aware of, and

actuated by, duty to God and duty to his neighbour; though he has never pharisaically paraded his virtues.

At Geneva, as India's representative on the League of Nations (about whose achievements, difficulties and ultimate failure he writes with great comprehension, sympathy and sense), he fought for peace. In India, and at conferences here, he argued eloquently, first, for a federal State within the Commonwealth, and then (when the Hindus proved utterly recalcitrant) for the establishment of Pakistan. Nobody was needed to tell him that the seclusion of East and West Pakistan would lead to a state difficult to manage and it may be that he foresaw (though he prefers to turn his eyes away from them, as did Mr. Attlee in his smooth autobiography) the ghastly immediate results of partition, but was certain that ghastlier and more enduring results would ensue were the Indian Moslems put under the control of the Brahmin politicians.

The Aga Khan is both eloquent and wise in all his political pages. He gives also a summary of the religious doctrines in the light of which he lives. "Islam," he says, "means 'Peace.'" Christ is also commonly called "The Prince of Peace."

Theologically and ethically there is an immense amount of common ground between Islam and Christianity. I can hear somebody murmuring: "The Arab hordes swarming over Palestine, Africa and Spain, galloping their horses, flourishing their swords, butchering and burning, weren't very peaceful." But it is well



LEADING IN *Blenheim*, WINNER OF THE 1930 DERBY: THE AGA KHAN, WHO HAS HAD FIVE DERBY WINNERS; *Blenheim* WAS HIS FIRST.

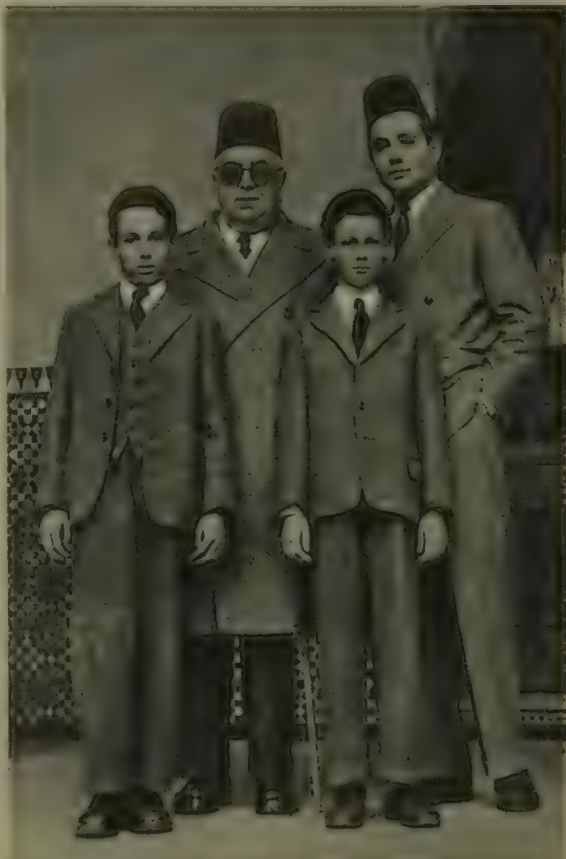
Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Memoirs of Aga Khan" by courtesy of the publisher, Cassell.

he should have hobnobbed with all the monarchs and confabulated with all the politicians might be expected in the light of his position, temperament and duties. But he also knew well Sir Henry Irving, the George Alexanders, the Trees, Seymour Hicks and Forbes-Robertson (for whom he tried to write a poetical play); was an acquaintance of Jean de Reszke and Caruso; dined with a morosely laconic Marcel Proust; knew and admired Stravinsky and Diaghilev. . . . In fact, it is difficult to think of anybody eminent in any sphere whom he hasn't known.

He has anecdotes about many of them. One long quotation must serve as an instance of their manner and quality: "I knew both Massenet and Puccini quite well. I think I must have been one of the first of his friends to notice a troublesome and increasing hoarseness in Puccini's voice, a hoarseness which was the first indication of the malady which ultimately killed him. As tactfully as I could I suggested to him that, instead of perpetually sucking cough-lozenges, he ought to go and see a doctor. Massenet was another friend of mine, and we often dined together at the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo. Once when he was, as I had been given to understand, laid low with bronchitis, I drove over from Cannes to see him at the Hôtel de Paris. I was shown up immediately to his sitting-room. There he was, stark naked in a marble bath, with a blazing fire in the room next door. He was busily dictating music to a woman secretary. Neither he nor she seemed at all discomposed; I was, I must confess, somewhat taken aback. Massenet, however, was voluble in his explanation. He had had a rush of creative ideas which had to be put down on paper. Since I had come all the way from Cannes to call on him, would it not have been discourteous to refuse to see me?"

"Please sit down," he said, "I must just finish this piece of work."

"For nearly an hour he sat on in the bath, turning the hot tap on from time to time, repeating and trying out bars and single notes of music, and making his secretary sing them back to him, so that it began to sound as if he were giving her a singing lesson. At last the flow of inspiration ceased, the young woman shut her notebook and hurried away, and only then did the old gentleman—he was after all about seventy—realise that he was sitting there naked and that the water had grown chilly. He jumped out of the bath, ran into his bedroom, put on a bathrobe, and came back to bid me a friendly and courteous good-bye." There is, as it seems to me, a sequence ready-made for the pencil and brush of Sir Max Beerbohm.



THE AGA KHAN WITH HIS YOUNGER SON, PRINCE SADRUDDIN, AND HIS GRANDSON, PRINCE KARIM AGA AND PRINCE AMYN MAHOMED. THE AGA KHAN'S TWO GRANDSONS ARE THE CHILDREN OF PRINCE ALY KHAN, THE AGA KHAN'S ELDER SURVIVING SON.

to remind ourselves that when the Christians took Jerusalem the proud report went back to Rome that the victors' horses were over their fetlocks in pagan blood. A religion can't be judged by the professors of it who do not live up to it.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 518 of this issue.



AS A YOUNG BOY: THE AGA KHAN, WHO WAS BORN IN KARACHI ON NOVEMBER 2, 1877, BUT WHO SPENT THE WHOLE OF HIS BOYHOOD AND YOUTH IN BOMBAY AND POONA.

mother who was long to remain his chief support: it may well be that it was owing to her that he sustained so well the hard and unremitting discipline and cramming to which he was subjected when he was a minor, instead of reacting violently as some other too-severely nurtured princes have done. As things were,

* "The Memoirs of Aga Khan World Enough and Time." With a Foreword by W. Somerset Maugham. Illustrated. (Cassell; 21s.)



FRONT AND PROFILE VIEWS OF THE REMARKABLE MITHRAS HEAD FOUND DURING THE LAST DAY OF EXCAVATION ON A SITE NEAR WALBROOK, IN THE CITY OF LONDON. THIS DISCOVERY THUS IDENTIFIED THE CULT OF A LARGE TEMPLE, PART UNCOVERED BUT NOW THREATENED WITH COMPLETE DESTRUCTION IN REBUILDING OPERATIONS.



THE SECRET RITES OF MITHRAS: A RECONSTRUCTION OF AN INVOCATION OF THE GOD IN A GARRISON TEMPLE ON THE ROMAN WALL. THE PATER INVOKES THE GOD, THE RAVEN (CORAX) AND LION (LEO) HOLD TORCHES. IN THE FOREGROUND SMALL STATUES OF THE ATTENDANT DEITIES, CAUTES AND CAUTOPATES.

A MITHRAS HEAD DISCOVERED IN THE CITY OF LONDON IN A ROMAN TEMPLE—ON THE EVE OF DESTRUCTION BY REBUILDERS.

On September 18 the excavations of the Roman and Mediæval London Excavation Council (directed by Mr. W. F. Grimes, of the London Museum) on a site between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street, adjoining Walbrook, ended with a spectacular discovery—the noble carved stone head we show above, whose Phrygian cap undoubtedly associates it with the Mithraic cult and thus identifies the temple remains in which it is found. This temple—complete excavation of which was impossible, owing to existing buildings on the site—has been revealed as an area of about 60 ft. by 20 ft., divided into a central chamber, two aisles divided by column bases, a triple-apsed east end and a raised platform, probably carrying an altar. It is thus seen to be an enlarged and elaborate version of the simple Mithraic shrine discovered in 1950 at Carrawburgh, on the Roman Wall.

The reconstruction drawing of this by Mr. Alan Sorrell (reproduced above) appeared in our issue of March 24, 1951, with an article on the cult by Professor Ian Richmond. Mithraism was a secret mystic cult, of Persian origin, which was widespread among Roman soldiers and merchants during the first three centuries A.D.; although its actual membership was restricted by its secrecy and its severe initiation ceremonies. The temple now revealed is therefore unusually large, its size perhaps reflecting Roman London's importance as both a military and mercantile capital. It is all the more regrettable that the remains are to be destroyed to make the foundations of a new building. The head has been called the head of Mithras, but since the god is usually portrayed slaying a bull, it may conceivably rather be the head of Cautes or Cautopates, the two divine attendants of Mithras.

FROM LONDON'S ROMAN TEMPLE TO LONDON'S NEWEST SCHOOL: NOTABLE BUILDINGS IN THE NEWS.



RECENTLY REVEALED AND IDENTIFIED AS A MITHRAIC TEMPLE ON SEPTEMBER 18: THE REMAINS OF THE ROMAN TEMPLE IN THE CITY, THREATENED WITH IMMEDIATE DEMOLITION.

As reported elsewhere in this issue, the recently revealed temple site near Walbrook was definitely identified on September 18 as a unique Mithraic shrine by the presence there of a Mithras-head sculpture. It was also reported that the site was due for immediate demolition by building contractors to provide the foundations for a new office-building. On September 20, however, Sir David Eccles, Minister of Works, visited the site; and it is believed that the excavators were granted at least a few days' respite.



THE REDUNDANT CHURCH OF ST. PETER, FROCESTER, NEAR STROUD, WHICH IS BEING PULLED DOWN TO ERECT A CHAPEL FOR WYCLIFFE COLLEGE AT STONEHOUSE. THE TOWER IS BEING LEFT, TO REMAIN AS A CONTINUING LANDMARK.



A SHAFT-HEAD—NEAR CINDERFORD—OF ONE OF THE FOREST OF DEAN DISUSED COAL-MINES IN WHICH IT WAS PROPOSED TO DUMP RADIOACTIVE WASTE FROM HARWELL. The proposal to dump low-activity atomic waste from Harwell and Aldermaston—mainly laboratory glass and fittings—in the shafts of disused coal-mines in the Forest of Dean has aroused considerable protests from local free miners and local authorities. On September 14 Sir John Cockcroft addressed a meeting at Coleford in an attempt to reassure these protesting bodies.



GIVEN A GOVERNMENT GRANT FOR URGENT STRUCTURAL REPAIRS: HISTORIC CHASTLETON HOUSE, NEAR CHIPPING NORTON, OXON, A FAMOUS JACOBEOAN MANOR-HOUSE.

Chastleton House, a perfect example of the traditional English manor house, was built in 1602-18 by Walter Jones on land bought by him in 1602 from Robert Catesby, one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators. The house has remained in the same family since then and no material additions have been made to the building. It contains many notable features and interesting treasures. The grant has been made to Mrs. Whitmore Jones for repair of the roof and strengthening of the cornice.



WHERE THE QUEEN MOTHER QUEEN ELIZABETH WILL STAY DURING HER AMERICAN VISIT IN OCTOBER: WAVE HILL, NEAR NEW YORK, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR PIERSON AND LADY DIXON. SIR PIERSON DIXON IS THE BRITISH DELEGATE TO THE UNITED NATIONS.



THE FIRST PUPILS ARRIVING AT KIDBROOKE SCHOOL, THE L.C.C.'S FIRST SPECIALLY BUILT COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL—WHICH HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF BITTER CONTROVERSY. Kidbrooke School opened on September 14, the arrival of the 1700 girls being spread over three days, the whole school assembling for the first time on September 17, to be addressed by the headmistress, Miss M. G. Green, formerly headmistress of Colston Girls' School, Bristol. The building of the school was opposed on the grounds of expense and also of the undesirability of creating schools of such large size.



TIMED BY "BIG BEN" HIMSELF: TWENTY-FOUR GLOSTER METEORS OF FIGHTER COMMAND, IN TIGHT FORMATION, PASSING OVER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN THE "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" ANNIVERSARY FLY-PAST.

On September 15, 182 jet aircraft of the R.A.F., the Fleet Air Arm, the Royal Canadian Air Force and the United States Air Force flew in formation over London, led by a *Hurricane* and a *Spitfire*, representing "The Few," to mark the anniversary of the Battle of Britain. The fly-past was originally timed for 12.30 p.m., but owing to low cloud and bad visibility was moved on to 5 p.m. The original number was to have been 190 aircraft, but eight Canadian *Sabres* were withdrawn owing to training commitments. After the *Hurricane* and *Spitfire* came three

formations of 24 Gloster *Meteors* of Fighter Command. They were followed by 12 *Sea Hawks* of the Fleet Air Arm. Next came two formations of 18 *Canberras* of Bomber Command, followed by 24 *Sabres* of Fighter Command. These were followed by 16 *Sabres* of the R.C.A.F. and 12 *Sabres* of No. 81 Fighter-Bomber Wing of the U.S.A.F. Finally, 5 *Swifts* of Fighter Command, flying in perfect formation at 575 m.p.h., were followed by 5 *Hunters* of the Central Fighter Establishment, Fighter Command, flying at the same speed.

THIS week, a century ago, war in the peninsula of the Crimea had begun. The Battle of the Alma was fought on September 20. I have already written about the earlier stages of the war, which had begun as one of the periodical conflicts between Russia and Turkey before Britain and France intervened to check Russia in her attempt to absorb Turkish possessions in Europe as well as some in Asia and to possess herself of the Straits. The political preliminaries to the struggle are of absorbing fascination and still the subject of a good deal of historical writing. The military side is not less interesting. To say that a war is odd and in many respects ill-conducted by all the belligerents is not to say that it necessarily lacks interest. The methods of warring nations and their military commanders, handling an unusual problem which they are not very successful in solving, afford an interesting spectacle. The very deficiencies in the handling of the business may add to the drama. Here the Allies eventually reached a victorious solution after a great deal of bungling and unnecessary loss, suffering, and horror.

Let us glance first at the British land commander and his leading subordinates. It was on them that the principal burden fell. On the naval side there is less to be said. Dundas, Lyons, and their French colleagues were less sharply tested, because the Allied naval superiority was overwhelming. The naval forces, of course, made the campaign possible. They escorted the armies, put them ashore, bottled up the Russian Fleet in Sevastopol, and protected the communications. They carried out valuable raids and provided artillery landing parties which did good service. But they had not to face a task in any way comparable to that of the Army commanders. The fact that Lord Raglan was a charming, dignified, and popular figure has not saved him from abuse and mockery, in some cases excessive. On the debit side, he had had no contact with troops since the Napoleonic Wars and had little natural skill as a tactician. On the credit, he brought prestige to his dealings with his allies, useful when the French commander was as flashy, jealous, and unreliable a man as Saint-Arnaud. On more than one occasion Raglan backed this prestige by a display of moral courage.

No-one now takes about him the view of Kinglake, which fell little short of adulation. Raglan's weaknesses are too obvious for that. Yet he was a personality in his way. The troops liked him. The French commanders liked him and were a little awed by him. His coolness and personal bravery were infectious. His ideas were often good enough. If only he had remembered better the lessons which his long association with Wellington in the field provided; if only he had realised that it is not enough to give orders and that a commander must keep hold of his forces all the time, the Alma would have gone better, and the day of Balaclava would have had a very different ending. His divisional and even his brigade commanders were on the elderly side. His engineer expert, Burgoyne, was altogether too old, and Raglan deferred too much to his judgment in the conduct of the siege. Most of them had, like himself, graduated in the Napoleonic Wars. It may be noted that Burgoyne, at seventy-two, might have been the father of Todleben, his Russian opposite number, in some ways the outstanding figure of the campaign.

Perhaps the only original divisional commander who can be called in any way outstanding was Sir George de Lacy Evans (born 1787), who showed tactical skill in the action generally known as "Little Inkerman." Sir George Brown was a martinet and popular—not an impossible combination—also extremely gallant and energetic, but not much more. Colin Campbell had a high reputation and was to prove himself a capable soldier, if a little on the slow-footed side, as Commander-in-Chief in the suppression of the Mutiny; but he started off as only a brigade commander. I think the best senior officer of the lot was Hugh Rose, but "senior" he was not considered; born in 1801, he was, by Crimean standards, a mere stripling in 1854, and began as what would now be

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CRIMEA A CENTURY AGO.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

called chief liaison officer with the French. Taking them as a whole, they were all fighting men and would have been good enough with a superior of the Wellington type in close control all the time. They were not good enough under a commander-in-chief of Raglan's temperament and methods.

Their great difficulty was that they lacked not merely experience but even a machinery which had been run in. It is not an easy thing to command and administer a division when the troops composing it have never previously been brought together into such a formation. Coming down to the unit, the battalion, the British Army of those days probably took the lead because it was a relatively well-administered body of men. Its internal business was well done. But when it was brigaded and the brigades were made parts of divisions, all was improvised, with confusion as the result. Administration from the point of view of a force supplied by sea was worse, because the military officers did not understand how to take charge. Goods

there Menshikov made a stand. He was heavily outnumbered in men, though not in guns, and he had a strong position. The brunt of the fighting fell upon the British contingent—in fact, Raglan was so unkind as to consider the French casualty list, small as it was, exaggerated. His job was to attack the main part of the position frontally, after the French had crossed the river on his right and turned the Russian left. However, the French advance was so slow and its prospects looked so doubtful that he ordered the British advance to begin earlier than he had meant to. If the Russians had only deployed more men, dug in, and fired to their front, the assault must have been defeated.

As it was, the attack was one of the greatest feats of arms in the history of the British rank and file. Things went far from smoothly, and a brigade of the Light Division was driven back after it had crossed the Alma and climbed the steep bank on the far side. The check was nullified by sheer stubborn valour and drive. Yet it would be a mistake to describe the incident as merely bashing a way to victory. There was an element of skill of a notable kind: deadly musketry, which had a terrible effect on the solid Russian masses. If the British could do nothing else, they could do this to perfection—and no other troops could. All the rest had to rely on heavy assault columns for the final decision, whereas the British

"ONE OF THE GREATEST FEATS OF ARMS... OF THE BRITISH RANK AND FILE."



"THE BRITISH TROOPS ON THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA—GRAND CHARGE OF THE GUARDS": REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF OCTOBER 21, 1854.

The Battle of the Alma was fought 100 years ago last Monday—on September 20, 1854—and, as Captain Falls writes on this page, "the attack was one of the greatest feats of arms in the history of the British rank and file. Things went far from smoothly. . . . The check was nullified by sheer stubborn valour and drive. Yet it would be a mistake to describe the incident as merely bashing a way to victory. There was an element of skill of a notable kind: deadly musketry, which had a terrible effect on the solid Russian masses. If the British could do nothing else, they could do this to perfection—and no other troops could. . . . Chances were missed in this battle . . . but they were not lost by the common soldiers or the junior officers." Of the actual scene as shown in our engraving, we wrote at the time: "Yet still the Light and First Division, though distant nearly three quarters of a mile from the batteries, toiled onward over the broken ground, keeping their line as well as they could and moving as steadily as if on parade."

were not sorted and stored together, with the result that they could not be found when wanted. Sometimes skippers could not get anyone to take them. Urgently needed stores were carried to and fro between the Bosphorus and Balaclava. The authorities at home were even worse offenders. They did not even provide the forage to keep the horses fit to carry to the troops what had been landed and actually could be found.

The essential problem was one of sea power against land power. The Allies had to carry their armies to a distant scene and supply them there by means of ships. The Russians had to supply their land forces to a distant outpost and supply them with indifferent horse transport over bad communications. Russia's military potential far exceeded that of the British, French, Turkish, and eventually Piedmontese armies at their maximum, but she could not bring a sufficient proportion of this strength to bear, because she could not supply it. The situation presented even greater difficulties to the Russians than to the Allies. In the long run, sea communications beat those of the land. The Russians were worn out by the effort to defend Sevastopol. Yet much of the Allied effort was wasted. This waste entailed for them a high death-roll, together with almost unspeakable miseries. Thanks to our knowledge of the work of Florence Nightingale we are better aware of those at Scutari than those on the peninsula, but there is little to choose between them. Both were deplorable.

The opening battle was more or less typical of Crimean fighting. The Allies marched down the coast, leaving behind them a trail of men stricken with cholera. On the first river met, the Bulganak, only a skirmish occurred. The Alma was the second, and

anticipated later tactics of fire and movement. It would be most ungracious to deny our men this skill and praise them only for the courage of a bull. With a certain amount of aid from the French, but without the turning of the enemy's left, they drove the Russians clean off the field with heavy loss.

Chances were missed in this battle, chances which, if seized, would have made the Russian defeat far heavier; but they were not lost by the common soldiers or the junior officers. And deficiencies at some stage in the command are to be found in the Battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, and in the gross delay in opening the bombardment of Sevastopol, which afforded the defence a golden opportunity to prepare. The famous series of errors at Balaclava has been discussed ever since, and it is hard to assign the responsibility—even Tennyson could say only that "someone" had blundered—but it might well be held that the deficiencies appeared at every stage. Raglan at the top, Nolan, who carried his order, Lucan, who received it, Cardigan, who executed it—all may merit some blame. I would put the heaviest on Nolan and the lightest on Cardigan, strangely enough, since he was the least intelligent of the four. In the siege warfare and the assaults, great endurance and many heroic actions occurred, but here the highly tried—and by this time much diluted—rank and file sometimes fell below its best.

One of the maleficent effects of the Crimean War was that of assisting to bring about the Indian Mutiny, because India was denuded to such an extent of British troops. On the favourable side, it gave the Army something of a shake-up, though it would be hard to find the far-reaching reforms which a recent writer declared had emanated from it. There can be no doubt that it fulfilled its purpose. It broke Russian power in the Black Sea and gave Turkey a new lease of life. Its full effects lasted fifteen years, until France was humbled and Russia could denounce the main clauses, and partial effects endured a good deal longer still. The object was therefore sound, odd as it seemed at the time to many people for Britain and France to penetrate the Black Sea and attack a fortress and naval harbour of which the vast majority of the peoples of those countries had never heard. Having heard of it, they never forgot it. The drama as well as the horror impressed itself on their minds, and to our country it has since been one of the most familiar of our wars. After Florence Nightingale and the cholera the most abiding impression is that of the fighting quality of the British soldier. For the military student, it is largely an example of how not to do things.



1 CAPTAIN—FULL DRESS
1787—1795.



2 VICE-ADMIRAL
UNDRESS COAT
1795.



3 CAPTAIN
FULL DRESS
1795—1812.



4 SURGEON R.N.—FULL DRESS
1805.



5 REAR-ADMIRAL
FULL DRESS
1812—1825.



6 LIEUTENANT
FULL DRESS
1825—1827.



7 COMMANDER
FULL DRESS
1825—1827.



8 MIDSHIPMAN 1827—1830
ONLY ONE DRESS
DURING THESE YEARS.



9 COMMANDER 1832—1833
ONLY ONE DRESS
DURING THIS YEAR.



10 CAPTAIN—UNDRESS
1856—1863.



11 CAPTAIN—FROCK COAT
1918.



12 ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET
REEFER JACKET AND CAP.
1941.

NAVAL UNIFORMS FROM NELSON'S DAY TO THE PRESENT TIME, ON SHOW AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.

A striking new feature at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, is a display of naval officers' uniforms, showing their development from 1787 to the present day. Thirty-two uniforms—about half of the Museum's collection—are shown in a large glass case at one end of Neptune's Hall, and include an undress coat belonging to Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson in 1805 (No. 2) and the reefer jacket and cap worn by Admiral Lord Cunningham at the Battle of Matapan in 1941 (No. 12). The history of the naval uniform is far from complete, for changes are known to have occurred for which no instructions have yet been

found. Thus the original uniform of 1748, of which there are no known examples, grew from the distinctive dress adopted by officers of individual ships according to their own fancy. Before 1748 officers seem to have preferred to dress themselves in red, but when a uniform was eventually designed, blue and white were the colours chosen—colours which have remained ever since except for a period from 1830 to 1843, when facings were of scarlet. A more modern example of an unofficial uniform being recognised is the Army battle-dress, dyed blue, which naval officers of World War II wore while at sea.

A MINIATURE DUTCH TOWN, PERFECT IN ALL

FEW towns of the world can boast a Royal Princess as Burgomaster, but the miniature town of Madurodam, in The Hague, Holland, claims such an honour, for Princess Beatrix, eldest daughter of Queen Juliana, is its leading citizen. Like Ramsgate's model village, pictures of which appeared in our issue of Aug. 21, Madurodam is a great attraction, especially to children, who must find the models of ships, barges, electric railways, windmills and canals a never-ending source of wonder and amusement. All these models and everything else in the town are built to a scale of 1/25th of their normal size. There is an admission fee and all profits go towards the upkeep.

(Continued opposite.)



NO DUTCH scene is complete without a windmill. Here is one in the grounds of the Dutch Timber Company, with the naval dockyard in the background.

ITS DETAILS: "MADURODAM," IN THE HAGUE.



BUILDINGS SUCH AS VERMEER MIGHT HAVE PAINTED: OLD HOUSES IN A STREET IN MADURODAM, WITH THE TAVERN BELONGING TO MESSRS. DULSTRAMP ON ONE CORNER.

Continued.
of the Netherlands' Students Sanatorium at Laren. Many well-known Dutch manufacturers and business firms have had miniature buildings erected and have accepted the responsibility of maintaining them. For example, the Dutch National Railways look after the railway circuit and K.L.M. Airline is responsible for the airport. Madurodam is a town typical of the Netherlands and many historic buildings have been faithfully reproduced. The famous "Long John" Tower of the Groote Kerk, Middelburg, is perhaps the most splendid of them all and makes a striking contrast to the more modern but equally attractive Peace Palace of The Hague.



DESTROYED DURING WORLD WAR II, BUT REBUILT IN MINIATURE AT MADURODAM: THE GROOTE KERK OF MIDDELBURG, WITH ITS "LONG JOHN" TOWER THAT DE KUYTER IS SAID TO HAVE CLIMBED IN HIS YOUTH.

A FREQUENT FEATURE OF MANY DUTCH CITIES: A CANAL, MADE ATTRACTIVE WITH SINGLE-SPAN BRIDGES, BUILT CLOSE TO THE AIRPORT OF MADURODAM, THE MINIATURE TOWN IN THE HAGUE.



A MODEL OF THE WILLEM RUYT, THE 21,110-TON FLAGSHIP OF THE ROYAL ROTTERDAM LLOYD LINE, WITH OIL-STORAGE TANKS IN THE FOREGROUND.



MADURODAM AIRPORT, WHICH IS MAINTAINED BY THE K.L.M. AIRLINE, AIRCRAFT TO THE CUSTOMS SHED. IN THE DISTANCE.



WHERE THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE SITS: THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE—A MODEL, ERECTED BY THE MUTUAL SECURITY AGENCY, U.S.A.



LAI D OUT AND MAINTAINED BY THE DUTCH NATIONAL RAILWAYS: A 2-MILE MODEL ELECTRIC RAILWAY CIRCUIT TO WHICH CURRENT IS SUPPLIED BY OVERHEAD LINES.



BUILT OF PREFABRICATED COMPONENTS: THE GEMEENTHUIS, THE MODERNISTIC MUNICIPAL HALL OF MADURODAM. THE PROJECTING PORTION IS THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



NEW BUILDINGS HAVE TO BE BUILT, EVEN IN THE MINIATURE TOWN OF MADURODAM! A DEVELOPMENT SCHEME FOR A BLOCK OF MODERN FLATS AND SHOPS.



THE ANCIENT ENTRANCE TO MADURODAM: A MODEL OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TOWN GATE, SHOWING TWO SCHOOLBOYS LOOKING ON WITH FASCINATION.



HOW difficult it is to account for one's likes and dislikes in the matter of plants and flowers—or people. It is especially difficult with plants and flowers. One may dislike a man on account of his laugh, his taste in ties, the tilt of his hat, or his gross way with pickles. But for the life of me I could not explain why it is that I have never really liked *Buddleia davidii*, have never grown it, or wanted to have it in my garden. It is not that I actively dislike the shrub. I don't particularly mind seeing it, in passing, in other people's gardens. A fine, strapping, upstanding thing it is, with its vigorous annual growth of stem and leaf and its showy, mauve-lilac flower plumes. The plant has, too, one heaven-sent attribute, an irresistible attraction for butterflies, especially Peacocks and Red Admirals—swarms of them in any summer which is not composed of one cloudburst after another, with icy gales filling the brief infrequent intervals.

A butterfly-buddleia orgy on a hot summer's day is a grand sight. The lovely creatures crowd on to the honey-scented flower plumes and drink themselves silly on the nectar. Yet even in spite of this, I do not want *Buddleia davidii*—which, by the by, we all knew as *B. variabilis* until fairly recently—in my garden. At least, I did not until I saw an exhibit of half-a-dozen or so modern varieties at a recent R.H.S. show in London. This exhibit came from R. C. Nottcut, of Woodbridge, and it struck me as exceptionally effective, largely on account of the direct simplicity of the staging of the flowers. They had been cut with several feet of stem, and each variety stood out clear and distinct from its fellows, a dozen or so sprays of each kind in a vase to itself, so that one could at once appreciate the size of the flower plumes, and their rich distinctive colours. They left no possible doubt whatever in my mind that, as a collection and individually, they were streets ahead of the finest varieties of *Buddleia davidii* that I had seen in the past.

"Empire Blue" was a violet-blue nearer to pure true blue than I would have believed possible; "Flaming Violet" was well and truly named, with flower plumes a good 18 ins. long. Measure the best *B. davidii* in your garden and you will realise what that means; "Ile de France" was deep violet; "Peace" had very fine plumes of pure white; "Royal Red" intense red-violet, almost crimson; and so on. Since seeing that exhibit of Nottcut's I have been attracted by a specimen of a quite ordinary variety of *B. davidii* grown in an unusual way. It is trained up a wall, facing west and on to the street, of the Manor House Hotel at Moreton-in-Marsh. It has formed great panels of growth, at a guess 12 or 15 ft. high, and there are quantities of short stems standing out from the wall, each carrying its lilac flower plume. The normal conventional way of growing *Buddleia davidii* when grown in open ground is to cut it down hard each spring, to within 2 or 3 ft. of the ground. The "stool" thus formed then throws up a huge sheaf of vigorous shoots which duly flower during middle and late summer. This process of heading the plant down is repeated year after year. The wall-trained specimen in Moreton has been pruned and treated in quite a different way. It has been allowed to make permanent woody stems which are trained up and out upon the wall. Each spring, all side branches which have sprung from the main permanent stems are pruned hard back, after which they sprout with a fresh crop of short stems, each carrying its flower plume later in the summer. In view of all this, the exhibit of these welcome newcomers, the sumptuous modern varieties, and the method of growing as a wall plant, my feeling about *Buddleia davidii* has relented. If I had a suitable wall available I would be very tempted to make a

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ONE OR TWO NEWCOMERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

planting of two or three or four carefully chosen varieties, side by side, and train their branches to overlap, so as to get white mingling with deep violet, and crimson perhaps with violet-blue.

A newcomer of a very different type is a stonecrop from Japan, *Sedum cauticolum*. At least, it came as new to me a year or so ago. Exactly when it first arrived in this country I am uncertain. It is a most distinct and attractive plant for the rock garden, sink garden or wall garden. The habit of the plant is unusual. In winter there is little to be seen of it, except a close-to-the-ground cluster of dormant buds. But in spring it sprouts vigorously with numerous stems, varying from two or three up to as much as

has the advantage of being reliably hardy and quite easy to grow. Soil and a sunny position are all it demands.

Another easy and very attractive newcomer here is *Geranium dalmaticum*, a dwarfish species for the rock or the sink garden, of tufted habit. It produces fine rounded blossoms of a clear, pure rich rose-pink carried upon 3- or 4-in. stems. The plant is hardy, easy to grow, and may be increased readily by lifting and dividing the root in spring. I would place *Geranium dalmaticum* very high indeed among the best dwarf species of its kind. Its flowers are of a warmer and far more pleasing colour than the somewhat cold pinks of *Geranium argenteum*, *G. cinereum* or *G. farreri*.

Three or four weeks ago a friend wrote saying that she was coming to see the garden, and bringing something which would excite, or enchant, or astonish me. I forget the exact word she used to predict my reactions to the gift. Whatever the word, it aroused a frenzy of wild speculation as to what might be coming to me. Would it be some unheard of and unbelievable plant, or could it possibly be a tame, pet, blue-nosed bog-rat, or even a breeding pair. To possess a specimen of this engaging creature has for long been a frustrated ambition of mine. The friend arrived, and it was not a blue-nosed bog-rat that she brought, but a bunch of flowers. In fact, two bunches. Was I disappointed? Not a bit.

One bunch was of *Ornithogalum thyrsoides*, the famous chinchinchee of the Cape, which comes to this country as a cut flower and on arrival lasts for weeks and weeks in water. I wrote about it on this page last winter. But these which the friend brought were English-grown, and were more attractive than the imported flowers, which have the cadaverous look of something which has been raised in a dark cellar. The flowers of chinchinchees are normally white, but the unopened buds forming the apex of the spike in these home-grown specimens were a pleasant fresh green. The buds of the imported flowers are as dead-white as the flowers themselves. Few cut-flowers last so long in water as this *Ornithogalum*.

But it was the other bunch of flowers that really astonished, thrilled and enchanted. It was a bunch of asters, the annual China asters or callistephus. Was I disappointed? Not on your life. You see, I had not really dared hope for blue-nosed bog-rats, and these were asters such as I had never seen, heard of, or imagined. They were an incurved type, with a particularly well-groomed appearance, and their colour was a delicate apricot-pink, with perhaps a dash of champagne in it. How difficult it is to convey such

colours. And yet if one resorts to the official colour chart the answer looks like something out of Bradshaw by Einstein. Apricot-pink-champagne is as near as I can get, and there was nothing weak, arty, or mawkish about it. To me, and to all who saw them here whilst they lasted, those asters were outstandingly attractive and beautiful newcomers. Moreover, the good friend "let me in" on this good thing, by bringing

the catalogue of the seedsman who had grown these particular flowers, and also imports from the Continent the seeds which produce them. The name of this aster is "Goldlachs," its height is given as 18 ins., and the colour is described as "yellow, warming to rich apricot." To tell of this delicious newcomer without a clue as to how or where to obtain the seeds would be no sort of service to anyone, and could gain me nothing but reproaches. The seedsman is George B. Roberts, Davington, Faversham, Kent, and I may add that I would not have risked passing on the information had I not made sure of a packet for myself for next year. The order has gone—with cheque. So as far as I am concerned you are all at liberty.



"ROYAL RED," ONE OF THE NEW VARIETIES OF *Buddleia davidii* WHICH HAVE CAUSED MR. ELLIOTT TO RELENT IN HIS FEELINGS TOWARDS THIS USEFUL SUMMER AND AUTUMN-FLOWERING SHRUB. THE FLOWERS OF "ROYAL RED" ARE "INTENSE RED-VIOLET, ALMOST CRIMSON." [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]

6 or 9 ins., and trailing out horizontally in all directions. The longer stems carry three or four short side-shoots, each with a showy head of deep pink blossoms. The flat, fleshy oval leaves are grey-green, with a tinge of red around their edges. In autumn all this growth—stems, leaves and flowers—dies right back to the base. Both leaves and flowers are most attractive and effective all through the summer, and the plant

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP

To have a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" sent each week to friends, whether they live at home or abroad, will be an act of kindness much appreciated by them. Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.		6 months and Xmas No.		6 months without Xmas No.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
United Kingdom and Eire	5	16	6	3	0	2
Canada	5	14	0	2	19	0
Elsewhere Abroad	5	18	6	3	1	2



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE 1954 REGATTA SEASON; AND THE FIRST MAJOR ALTERATION IN BOAT DESIGN SINCE 1872: A SLIDING RIGGER INSTEAD OF A SLIDING SEAT—AN INVENTION WHICH MAY REVOLUTIONISE ROWING.

One of the most interesting features of this year's Regatta season, apart from some very excellent racing, has been a new invention, devised by Mr. C. E. Poynter, of Bedford Rowing Club, which may well revolutionise rowing. He has fitted a seat in a double-sculler which, instead of sliding, is fixed, while the rowlocks are attached to a sliding cradle which also incorporates the stretcher. The whole of this cradle slides up and down the boat on metal runners. And so, instead of the sculler moving backwards and forwards on his sliding seat, it is the stretcher and riggers which move. By this means it is claimed that the boat is given more momentum. One of the drawbacks of the sliding seat, which the fixed seat will obviate, is that the crew, which weighs considerably more than the

boat, has to move some 18 ins. backwards and forwards every stroke, thus shifting the centre of buoyancy of the boat. This causes the bows and stern to dip alternately some two or three inches into the water each stroke. With the sliding rigger the crew no longer has to shift its own weight about unproductively, the momentum of the boat is almost unimpaired, and the crew saves a lot of energy. The sliding seat was introduced in 1872, and since then no major improvement in the design of rowing and sculling racing boats has been made. It must have been a disappointment to all oarsmen that Mr. Poynter could not get his boat ready for this year's Henley Regatta. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether his sliding rigger will prove efficacious when on trial under racing conditions.

THE U.S. MARINES—A COLOSSAL "MEMORIAL."



MAINTAINING THEIR REPUTATION AS SUPERMEN: 32-FT.-TALL U.S. MARINES, WITH A MERE MORTAL RIDING ASTRIDE AN ELBOW—AS THE MARINES MEMORIAL IS ERECTED AT WASHINGTON.



THE U.S. MARINES DEFY GRAVITY—AND TWO WORKMEN CLIMB ON "FOR THE RIDE": AN AMAZING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ERECTION OF THE COLOSSAL MARINES MEMORIAL.

These two amazing photographs were taken on September 14, during the first stages of the erection of the colossal bronze memorial to the U.S. Marines who died in the last war. The bronze group of which it consists, and of which we show the first three figures to be set in place, shows six U.S. Marines, each one 32 ft. tall, raising the United States flag on the heights of the Japanese island of Iwo Jima, on February 19, 1945, and is based on a famous war photograph of the Japanese campaign. The bronze itself has a weight of 100 tons, and the memorial will measure 75 ft. from the black granite base to the tip of the bronze flagpole. The sculptor is the American Mr. Felix de Weldon and, in the lower photograph above, he can be seen, on the right, in a dark suit, supervising the erection of the first two figures. This great memorial is being set up at Washington, D.C., on a bluff, 100 ft. above the Potomac River, on the Virginia side of the river. Marines throughout the United States have contributed \$50,000 dollars (£303,000) towards the cost of the memorial—which is to be dedicated on November 10 this year.

A NEW ARMY "WALKIE-TALKIE."

The new lightweight portable wireless station has been designed in Australia for the Australian Army, and is made by Amalgamated Wireless (Australia), Ltd. near Sydney, N.S.W. The requirements were: a light portable radio transmitter-and-receiver with a range of at least 4000 yards, rugged, simple to operate and designed to fit into ordinary Army webbing equipment. The A510 weighs 37 lb., can be carried (as shown) by a single infantryman, and has simple on-off switches as the only controls. It can be operated without complicated training. It takes 50 seconds to establish contact and the frequency band (2.0 to 10.0 megacycles) enables communication to be established quickly and clearly, day or night, in any weather. As a portable set it has a range of about five miles, but a fixed aerial increases this range to 500 miles; and terrain makes no difference to it. British forces have tested it in Malaya under actual fighting conditions with outstanding success. It survives immersion and, when waterproofed, will operate under water. It has been ordered in large numbers by both the British and Australian Armies.



CAPABLE OF OPERATING EVEN AFTER SUBMERSION: THE A510 AUSTRALIAN PORTABLE WIRELESS STATION BEING TESTED IN JUNGLE CONDITIONS.



THE NEW AUSTRALIAN DESIGNED AND PRODUCED PORTABLE WIRELESS STATION, NOW ORDERED FOR THE AUSTRALIAN AND BRITISH ARMIES.



“SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE”—I. A HUGE BLOCK OF SEMI-PRECIOUS STONE—A MILLION-DOLLAR AQUAMARINE WHOSE OWNERSHIP IS IN DISPUTE—IMPOUNDED IN NEW YORK.

This enormous block of aquamarine, weighing 56 lb. and with an estimated value of 1,000,000 dollars, has been lying behind the iron bars of the vaults of the Manufacturers' Safe Deposit Company in New York since November 1946, as its ownership is in dispute. In 1946 a syndicate, representing one of the many claimants, transported the semi-precious rock from Brazil to the United States, intending to

have it cut into small stones for sale as jewellery, but legal complications blocked this plan; and until the courts in Brazil decide who owns it, the stone will remain in the vaults. It is reported that the issues are so involved that no one is even sure exactly where and when in Brazil it was found. Aquamarines come from Russia, Egypt and parts of the United States, but, above all, from Brazil.

Courtesy Life International. Copyright Time Inc. 1954.



APPARENTLY A MOSSY BANK STREWN WITH DEAD LEAVES AND STRAW—ACTUALLY OCCUPIED BY THREE YOUNG COTTONTAIL RABBITS, A BOX TURTLE, A MILK SNAKE, TWO LEAF BUTTERFLIES, AND THREE STICK INSECTS, ALL RENDERED ALMOST INVISIBLE BY COLOUR OR SHAPE OR BOTH.



BIRD OR INSECT—OR ONE OF EACH? AN OWL AND THE CALIGO OR OWL BUTTERFLY, WHOSE MARKINGS RENDER IT AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE "LAMB IN WOLF'S CLOTHING"—A HARMLESS CREATURE WHICH MIMICS A FIERCE PREDATORY ONE.

"SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE"—II. ASTONISHING EXAMPLES OF ANIMAL CAMOUFLAGE.

Animal camouflage and mimicry, Nature's strange devices to enable the more vulnerable creatures to survive in a world peopled with fierce and predatory birds, beasts, insects and reptiles—to say nothing of that dangerous enemy, man—afford a fascinating study. Everyone with an observant eye has noticed beetles which look like leaves, moths which disappear into the background when settled on a tree, and various creatures whose protective colouring makes them difficult to spot against field, wood or moorland. The illustrations which we reproduce are outstanding and remarkable examples of this protective colouring or mimicry in

shape. Glance at the mossy bank of our upper picture, and it appears to consist of plant life only; but close study reveals the presence of three young cottontail rabbits, a box turtle, a milk snake, two leaf butterflies and three stick insects. The rabbits are concealed by colour, the butterflies, box turtle and stick insects by shape as well as colour. As for the Caligo or Owl butterfly it is an outstanding example of the "lamb in wolf's clothing" form of protective colouring which has been described as a kind of bluff, and is well known in the animal kingdom.



"SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE"—III. THE PREMIER DANSEUR OF THE FISHPOND IN A COLOURFUL BALLET, "THE FROG AND THE BUTTERFLY," IN WHICH PAUL LEAPS FROM THE WATER.

This dramatic colour photograph presents *Paul*, a pet frog belonging to the children of Mr. W. T. Davidson (who took the picture), as *premier danseur* of the fishpond. When hungry, *Paul* would jump as much as half again its overall length out of the water to catch a butterfly, whereas when satisfied it would only jump some 3 or 4 ins. Mr. Davidson became interested in photography; and the agile *Paul* presented an obvious subject; but its movements were so rapid that it was only with the co-operation of Commander William S. Heston, an electronic

engineer, that he succeeded in perfecting the equipment of a light beam or electronic eye, which took this photograph. The camera is so set that when the electronic beam is interrupted the subject is automatically photographed. The first part of *Paul's* jump is made with the front feet hanging down. In one continuous movement, too fast for the camera to catch, its front-hinged tongue is flipped out to snap the butterfly into the mouth and, at the same time, the feet are flung forward to cram the luckless insect inwards.

Colour photograph by W. T. Davidson.



"SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE"—IV. THE CHATSWORTH VIOLIN—WHICH CANNOT BE TUNED OR PLAYED. A REMARKABLE TROMPE L'ŒIL PAINTING BY VANDERVAART.

This *trompe l'œil* painting of a violin is on the inner central door of the State Music Room at Chatsworth, the Derbyshire seat of the Dukes of Devonshire. Painted by Vandervaaert for Devonshire House, London, it was brought to Chatsworth and eventually placed in its present position. There is no truth in the often-repeated

story that Grinling Gibbons's skilful carving of the objects represented on the doorcase deceived Verrio, painter of the ceiling, into thinking them real; and that Verrio, "in revenge," painted the violin, and in turn deceived Grinling Gibbons. The picture did not come to Chatsworth until thirty years after Verrio's death.

Actual colour photograph by A. C. K. Ware Ltd.

A SUPERB COLLECTION OF IVORIES, HOMELESS SINCE THE RAIDS OF 1941, NOW EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

THE remarkable ivories, which we illustrate on this page and the two following, are all part of the Joseph Mayer Collection, which is now on exhibition for six months from September 18 in the King Edward VII. Gallery of the British Museum, the exhibition having been arranged by the Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities. This celebrated collection was formed by Mr. Joseph Mayer about the middle of the last century, and presented by him to the City of Liverpool in 1867. Since the destruction of the Liverpool Public Museums by air raids in 1941, this famous collection, comparable only, in this country, to the Maskell Collection in the B.M. and the Webb and Salting Collections in the V. & A., has been completely unavailable to students and the general public. Outstanding among the exhibits are the early Christian diptychs: the Asclepius diptych, the Clementinus diptych and the single elk-fight panel. These diptychs were made for dignitaries to give to their friends in celebration of their appointments and the reverse of each leaf has a hollow for wax, in which a message would be inscribed with the stylus. The diptych of Clementinus, of which we show one panel—the other is approximately similar—shows the Consul between symbolic figures of Rome and Constantinople, busts of the Emperor and Empress above, and below, boys pouring out money, to signify liberality. The Asclepius diptych can be described as ostentatiously pagan for its period. The lively elk-fight panel was probably given by the three *Viri consulares* (ex-Consuls), celebrating with games their accession to some important office.

(L. AND R.) THE LEFT AND RIGHT LEAVES OF THE CELEBRATED ASCLEPIUS AND HYGEIA DIPTYCH. ROMAN WORK OF ABOUT A.D. 400, AND PROBABLY MADE FOR A PAGAN ARISTOCRAT TO GIVE TO HIS FRIENDS ON HIS ELEVATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD OF ASCLEPIUS. 12'3 INS. HIGH.



THE CELEBRATED ELK-FIGHT IVORY—THE LEFT LEAF OF A DIPTYCH, ROMAN, EARLY FIFTH CENTURY—SHOWING THREE VIRI CONSULARES LOOKING DOWN INTO AN AMPHITHEATRE, WHERE A HUNTER ENGAGES FIVE ELKS. 11'5 INS. HIGH.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST HOLDING A SCROLL: A BYZANTINE IVORY OF GREAT REFINEMENT, TENTH-CENTURY WORK, THE MOUNTING BEING MODERN. PROBABLY PART OF A DEVOTIONAL DIPTYCH. 9'5 INS. HIGH.



ONE LEAF OF THE DIPTYCH DISTRIBUTED BY THE CONSUL FLAVIUS TAURUS CLEMENTINUS ON HIS ATTAINING OFFICE IN A.D. 513. A FULLER DESCRIPTION IS GIVEN IN THE TEXT. 15'3 INS. HIGH.



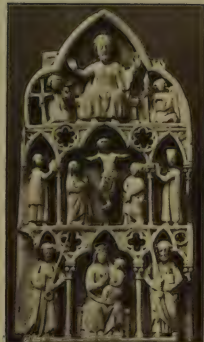
"THE ASCENSION": AN IVORY PANEL FROM A BOOK-COVER, CAROLINGIAN BUT FOLLOWING AN EARLY CHRISTIAN (FIFTH CENTURY) TYPE. OUR LORD ASCENDS TO THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND OF GOD. 3 1/2 INS. HIGH.



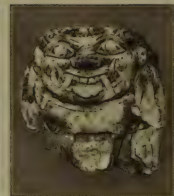
A SMALL BUST OF A FEMALE, CARVED FROM BONE AND REPRODUCED ACTUAL SIZE. ROMAN WORK OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D. AND PROBABLY A MAENAD, AS SHE WEARS A VINE WREATH.



THE HEAD OF A STAFF IN THE FORM OF A HORSE'S HEAD AND NECK. IVORY AND 3 1/2 INS. HIGH. ROMAN WORK OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D. AND PROBABLY DESIGNED AS THE HANDLE OF A RIDING-CROP.



THE CENTRE OF AN IVORY TRIPTYCH, ENGLISH, 13TH CENTURY, 4 3/8 INS. HIGH. ABOVE, CHRIST IN MAJESTY; CENTRE, THE CRUCIFIXION, WITH DONORS ON EITHER SIDE; BELOW, THE VIRGIN.



THE FRAGMENT OF A DECORATIVE PLAQUE IN IVORY, SHOWING A SOMEWHAT COMICALLY PORTRAYED GORGON. SUCH REPRESENTATIONS WERE OFTEN USED AS HEALING CHARMS. GREEK OR ETRUSCAN, 5TH CENTURY B.C. 2 1/2 INS. HIGH.



(RIGHT.) AN EXAMPLE OF THE CONSCIOUS REVIVAL OF EARLY CHRISTIAN FORMS TYPICAL OF THE RENAISSANCE UNDER CHARLES V: AN IVORY PANEL (3 1/2 INS. HIGH) FOR A BOOK-COVER, SHOWING THE CRUCIFIXION AND THE THREE MARYS. CAROLINGIAN, NINTH CENTURY. THE LOWER PART IS COPIED, BUT NOT SLAVISHLY, FROM A FOURTH-CENTURY PANEL NOW AT MUNICH.



ONE OF THE EARLIEST PIECES IN THE COLLECTION: A FRAGMENT OF A PANEL FOR A CASKET, CARVED IN BONE, AND SHOWING DIANA SEIZING A DOE BY THE EAR AND THE NECK. ETRUSCAN WORK OF THE LATE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. 4 1/2 INS. LONG.



A PANEL FOR A CASKET CARVED IN BONE, SHOWING SCENES OF THE VINTAGE. LEFT, THE GRAPES ARE BROUGHT IN; CENTRE, A BARREL IS FILLED; RIGHT, THE WINE IS TASTED. PROBABLY NORTH FRENCH OR FLEMISH WORK OF ABOUT 1100 A.D. 5 3/8 INS. LONG.



AN EGYPTIAN POT FOR HOLDING THE EYE COSMETIC, 400 B.C., CARVED FROM BONE IN THE SHAPE OF THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLD GOD, BES. 2 1/4 INS. HIGH AND DATING FROM ABOUT B.C. 500.



ANGLO-SAXON WORK OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY IN THE STYLE OF THE WINCHESTER SCHOOL OF MANUSCRIPT PAINTING: A PANEL OF WALRUS IVORY, 3 INS. HIGH, SHOWING THE NATIVITY. THE EYES OF THE FIGURES ARE TINY BEADS.



LIFE IN A CHAUCERIAN WORLD PORTRAYED IN IVORY ON A CASKET-LID (8 3/8 INS. LONG) OF FRENCH WORK OF THE EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY AND SHOWING SCENES FROM A ROMANCE. IN THE CENTRE, LADIES LOOK DOWN UPON A TOURNEY; ON THE LEFT, AN ELOQUENT; AND RIGHT, THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE OF LOVE.



PROBABLY PART OF AN ALTARPIECE GIVEN BY THE EMPEROR OTTO I. TO MAGDEBURG CATHEDRAL. ST. PETER TAKING THE TRIBUTE-MONEY FROM THE MOUTH OF A FISH. 5 INS. HIGH.



AN IVORY TRIPTYCH, BYZANTINE WORK OF THE LATE TENTH CENTURY A.D., THE CENTRAL PANEL BEING 8 3/8 INS. HIGH. IT IS OF VERY GOOD QUALITY AND ONE OF THE VERY FEW WHICH REMAIN COMPLETE, BUT FOR TWO MINOR RESTORATIONS ON THE EDGES OF THE WINGS. IN THE CENTRE, CHRIST CRUCIFIED, BETWEEN THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN. ON THE LEFT, FROM THE TOP, THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL, ST. PAUL, ST. THEODORE; ON THE RIGHT, THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL, ST. PETER AND ST. GEORGE.

MAYER COLLECTION OF LIVERPOOL, NOW ON LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

thanks are paid to the Librarians, Museums and Arts Committee of the Corporation of Liverpool and to the Director of the Liverpool Museums, Mr. J. H. Illife. The range of the collection is very wide, stretching from Egyptian, Greek and Etruscan work of the sixth century B.C., to a large statue of an Abbess, Spanish work of the sixteenth century A.D. Its especial strength, however, lies in the Early Christian work, where it is the equal of the Berlin and Milan collections. To quote the catalogue: "It is also historically a representative collection. All important schools, with perhaps the exception only of the Romanesque, are exemplified by pieces of the first quality."

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF ARTISTRY IN IVORY: MASTERWORKS OF THE FAMOUS JOSEPH

The carvings in ivory and bone which are reproduced on these two pages are, like those on the preceding page, all part of the Joseph Mayer Collection (of the City of Liverpool Museums), which for the next six months are being exhibited in the King Edward VII. Gallery in the British Museum, from September 18 onwards. An illustrated catalogue of this famous collection (published by the Trustees of the British Museum) has been prepared by the Department of British and Mediaeval Antiquities, with a preface by the Keeper, Mr. R. L. S. Bruce-Mitford, and written by Mr. P. E. Lasko, Assistant Keeper, with assistance from Mr. Bernard Ashmole and Mr. R. D. Barnett. In it

SYMBOLS OF A RAJ WHICH HAS GONE: CALCUTTA'S PROCONSULAR STATUARY.



WEARING AN AFGHAN POSHTEEN: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C. THE FRIEZE ON THE PEDESTAL REPRESENTS ELEMENTS OF HIS ARMY WHICH MADE THE FAMOUS MARCH FROM KABUL TO KANDAHAR, 1880.



ASTRIDE HIS ARAB CHARGER: FIELD MARSHAL LORD HARDINGE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, 1844-1848, WHOSE STATUE DOMINATES THE VIEW TO THE SOUTH-EAST OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



THE PENSIVE STATUE OF EDWIN SAMUEL MONTAGU, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, 1917-1922, OF CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM FAME, WHICH STANDS IN THE GARDEN OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



A MARBLE STATUE OF THE GREAT ENGLISH STATESMAN, LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON, VICEROY OF INDIA, 1898-1905, WHICH STANDS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL, CONCEIVED BY HIM.



THE FIRST VICEROY OF INDIA: LORD CANNING, WHOSE STATUE STANDS IN THE EDEN GARDENS. HE WAS THE LAST GOVERNOR-GENERAL UNDER THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, 1856-1858; AND VICEROY, 1858-1862.



THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, 1833-1835: LORD BENTINCK. THE BAS RELIEF REPRESENTS A WIDOW BEING RESCUED FROM IMMOLATION ON HER HUSBAND'S FUNERAL PYRE—A PRACTICE WHICH BENTINCK ABOLISHED.



SITUATED AT THE HEAD OF PARK STREET, CALCUTTA'S BUSIEST THOROUGHFARE: THE SPIRITED EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM, A HERO OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.



VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, 1864-1869: THE STATUE OF LORD LAWRENCE WHICH STANDS IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



KNOWN FOR HIS ADMINISTRATIVE AND FINANCIAL REFORMS: THE SIXTH EARL OF MAYO, VICEROY OF INDIA, 1869-1872, ASSASSINATED WHILE VISITING A CONVICT SETTLEMENT.

The memory of a period of conquest, however distasteful it may seem to the conquered, cannot be effaced by pulling down the statues of the conquerors. The statues of British statesmen, diplomatists and soldiers in or near the Maidan, a huge and beautiful park in the centre of Calcutta, capital of the Indian Empire for more than sixty years, are as much a part of Indian history as the reign of Asoka. Yet, since the end of British rule in India, there has been a certain amount of agitation on the part of over-zealous patriots for the removal of these statues. According to the terms of the Mountbatten Agreement of 1947, they

were eventually to be "repatriated." In 1951 the West Bengal Government issued an order which stated that they would be taken from the public view. As far as can be gathered, however, this order has not been acted upon. If they are to be removed—which is by no means certain—it is thought likely they will be taken to the outskirts of the city and re-erected. Be that as it may, Calcutta's proconsular statuary, together with the magnificent trees, lends a collective elegance and grace to the Maidan and gives the flavour and tradition of a European capital to the city.



OVER TWO THOUSAND FEET BENEATH THE EARTH: A FRENCH SPELEOLOGIST IN THE BERGER CAVERN, NEAR GRENOBLE, IN WHICH THE WORLD RECORD FOR THE DEEPEST DESCENT WAS RECENTLY ESTABLISHED.

On September 13 seven French cave explorers of the Speleologists' Club of Grenoble, which is a section of the French Alpine Club, claimed to have broken the world record for underground exploration by descending 752 metres (nearly 2467 ft.) beneath the earth's surface. The men, who entered the Berger cavern on the Sornin plateau, near Grenoble, on September 10, emerged on September 13. At the time of writing it has

been reported that these men are about to try to reach an even greater depth. The previous record of 732 metres was established in the Gouffre de la Pierre St. Martin, in the Pyrenees, where a party of speleologists recently recovered the body of M. Marcel Loubens, who fell to his death there in 1952. In August a Franco-Italian team of speleologists were reported to have found a pothole 2550 ft. deep on Mont Marguaris, near Nice.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IMPORTANCE OF INFANCY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is difficult to imagine a more unsatisfactory pet than the seventeen-year locust, unless you have the patience of Job. It was, however, another side to this insect with which we were concerned. The conversation, between several biologist colleagues had been general, when one of them remarked: "Which is the real insect, the larva or the imago, the perfect insect as we call it? For example, the stag beetle larva lives for three years, but the beetle itself is lucky to live three days, and three weeks is probably a ripe old age." What we normally refer to as the insect represents, therefore, a fiftieth or a hundredth part of the full life-cycle. It was then I recalled that the position was even more extreme in the seventeen-year locust. This is a North American cicada. The female lays her eggs in a slit in a twig. In a few weeks the larvæ hatch and fall to the ground, into which they burrow. They remain underground for seventeen years, sucking sap from roots. At the end of that time they come to the surface, and climb a bush or tree. Each rests for a spell, following which the skin of the back splits and out comes the "perfect" insect. For a few days the male spends his time singing vigorously; mating ensues, eggs are laid; and that is the end of life for the cicada.

It is customary to speak of the animal kingdom as consisting of two main divisions, the invertebrates (or animals without backbones) and the vertebrates (or those with backbones). The division is good enough for ordinary purposes. There are many similarities between the members of these two divisions, but there are many striking differences, and in spite of numerous attempts in the course of learned theses to bridge the gap between them, this has been but partially successful. The question arising during the discussion just referred to contributes little towards such a solution, but it does expose one of the important reasons why the invertebrate line of descent progressed no further than the point reached by the social insects. The highest point attained by the most specialised invertebrates falls short of that of the vertebrates because the brain and nervous system are inferior. But the development of higher mental powers must go hand-in-hand with the capacity to use them. It is no use putting jet engines into a fuselage built by the Wright brothers. And although many of the invertebrates, insects especially, are highly adaptable and successful in other ways, their mental development is of a low order. Could it be, then, that the ratio between the immature and the mature stages, between infancy and the adult, so to speak, has a significant effect on progress? In the seventeen-year locust and the stag beetle, the perfect or mature insect is no more than a brief reproductive phase, highly important in the perpetuation of the species and of little account in the lifetime of the individual. By contrast, in the vertebrates, infancy is of short duration and adulthood is important both to the species and the individual. This extended period of adult life allows not only for the opportunities to exploit a higher mental capacity, but makes it possible for the young to profit by the experience of the adult.

It is, of course, difficult to deal even in summary form with so large a question. There are many other things involved. Yet it does seem that this single factor must have an important bearing and there is no harm in dealing with it for the moment in isolation. For example, the extension of the period of adult life leaves the way open to the development of family life. That is, it is made possible for the young to be produced in succession and for offspring of varying ages to remain with the parents. So the young can

benefit by association with each other and with the parents, learn by example and profit by the experience of others. This, in turn, opens the way to the development of a culture, if by that we mean the accumulated and cumulative experience within the species.

Where the association of the young with one or both parents is of minimum duration the greatest need is for the inheritance of automatic behaviour. The capacity for learning need be relatively very small to satisfy the needs of living. As soon as the period of association between parent and offspring is lengthened automatic behaviour begins to be less important and other, more plastic, forms of behaviour begin to have a value. Invertebrates have specialised in the direction of extended infancy and brief adulthood; vertebrates have specialised in brief infancy and extended adulthood. Any biological law is riddled with exceptions, and one important exception will be dealt with later, but in so far as one can formulate any rules for living matter, this one seems fairly acceptable.

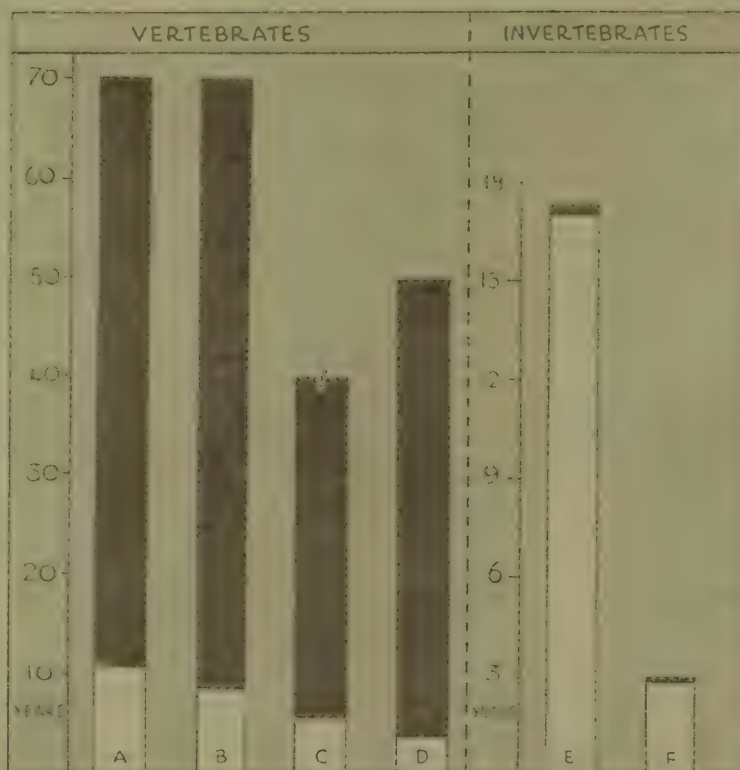
Where, then, in the vertebrates, does one find this family life? The outstanding example is found, of course, in our own species; and whereas articulate speech, the grasping hand and the enlarged brain have all contributed to man's remarkable progress, the sharing by all ages of accumulated and cumulative experience must have served even prehistoric man well, when his tools were of the simplest and his language was spoken only, and consisted of a limited vocabulary.

As we pass up the vertebrate scale, from fishes to amphibia, from reptiles to birds and mammals, we see not only the increasing specialisation of the brain but also the tendency to the development of a parental care. The overlapping of different ages of young, in a sort of family life, is the highest extension

of parental care. Its distribution is, however, sporadic. To some extent it is present in all gregarious species, in a sort of communal family life, if we may speak of such a thing. It seems to obtain to some extent in ostriches and emus, although little precise study has been made of it with these primitive birds. It has been studied in lyre-birds, and although they have their critics there are those who claim to see a definitive culture in these birds. This same form of family life obtains in elephants, which may be the secret of the high order of behaviour in those animals. American observers of the dolphins in the aquaria at the Marine Studios in Florida report a similar situation for these aquatic mammals, and when the full story of dolphins is written the degree of culture they achieve may be quite astonishing.

There have been many attempts to compare the social organisation of the hive-bees with human society.

For the most part, the conclusions reached have been somewhat unsatisfactory. In view of what is said here we may have a possible explanation of this. In the honey-bee we have one of the outstanding exceptions, to which reference was made earlier. Although an invertebrate, the honey-bee's infancy is much shorter than its adulthood, as represented by the queen. Her offspring, the workers and the drones, have relatively short lives, but the queen, the head of the colony, may live for several years. There is an overlapping of her offspring, without which the remarkable social order of the hive would be impossible. It bears little relation, however, to the condition obtaining in human society. To make a comparison possible between the social orders of bees and human beings we should need to visualise each human family as composed of a mother, early widowed, who outlived several successive generations of her offspring. Which, as Euclid is always alleged to have said, is absurd.



A CHART SYMBOLISING AN ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE IN THE LIFE-HISTORIES OF A VERTEBRATE AND AN INVERTEBRATE: IN THE FORMER THE PERIOD BETWEEN FIRST MATURITY AND DEATH FAR EXCEEDS THE EARLY GROWING STAGE (OR INFANCY), THE REVERSE BEING TRUE FOR INVERTEBRATES.

This chart shows, beside a scale (left) representing seventy years, columns representing the infancy (light) and adulthood (black) of man (A); the Indian elephant (B); the dolphin (C) and the cockatoo (D), four among the longest-lived of the higher vertebrates. On the right, beside a scale representing eighteen years, are corresponding columns representing the life-histories of the seventeen-year "locust" or cicada (E); and the stag-beetle (F), two of the longest-lived higher invertebrates.



THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR "LOCUST" OR CICADA (*TIBICINA SEPTEMDECIM*), OF NORTH AMERICA: THE IMAGO, OR SO-CALLED PERFECT INSECT, WHICH LIVES A FEW DAYS OR WEEKS.



TWO LARVAL SKINS REPRESENTING THE APPEARANCE AND FORM OF THE IMMATURE STAGE OF THE LIFE-HISTORY OF THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR "LOCUST" OR CICADA, WHICH EXTENDS OVER A PERIOD OF SEVENTEEN YEARS.

"THE FROG AND THE BUTTERFLY": THE LEAP OF A FROG IN PURSUIT OF AN INSECT—REVEALED BY THE CAMERA.



(ABOVE) A GOURMET'S VIEW OF BREAKFAST: PAUL, THE FROG, LOOKS WITH HAPPY ANTICIPATION AT A BUTTERFLY HOVERING OVER THE POND.



ACTION STATIONS: PAUL LEAPS FROM THE WATER WITH A SUDDEN SPLASH AND PREPARES TO MAKE A GRAB AT THE BUTTERFLY.



(RIGHT.) FLYING THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE: PAUL MAKES A GRACEFUL TAKE-OFF IN PURSUIT OF HIS PREY.



EXECUTING A PAS DE DEUX ABOVE THE FISHPOND: THE FROG WITH THE LUCKLESS BUTTERFLY WHICH IT IS ABOUT TO SEIZE IN ITS MOUTH.



THE FROG-NIJINSKY LEAP: PAUL, HAVING ENTRAPPED THE BUTTERFLY ON THE WING, IS ABOUT TO DRAW THE INSECT INTO HIS MOUTH WITH HIS STICKY TONGUE.

The jumping ability of the common frog is well known and, in recent years, international frog-jumping contests have been held in California, during which, jumps of over 16 ft. have been recorded. In this issue we reproduce in colour a remarkable photograph of a frog leaping as much as half again its overall length from the water to catch a butterfly. Other photographs of Paul, a green frog (*Rana clamitans*), belonging to the children of Mr. W. T. Davidson, of Warren, Pennsylvania, are

shown on this page. The frog can be seen here in a series of successive phases, from the moment at which it viewed its butterfly breakfast to the end of its leap, when it caught its luckless prey and prepared to swallow it. Mr. Davidson, with the co-operation of Commander W. S. Heston, an electronic engineer, succeeded in perfecting the electronic eye equipment with which these photographs were automatically taken when the subject interrupted the electronic beam.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"SCENOGRAPHERS" BOTH.

By FRANK DAVIS.

views of London, but turning his hand to anything, including the engraving of a military atlas of England and Wales. There is nothing specially military about it except the title-page, but this must surely make it the earliest of war-maps. "The Kingdom of England and Principality of Wales exactly described with every Sheere and the small towns in every one of them. In six Mappes, Portable for every man's pocket. . . . Useful for all Commanders for Quarteringe of Souldiers, and all sorts of Persons that would be informed where the Armies be; never so Commodiously drawn before this, 1644. Described by one travailed throughout the whole kingdome for its purpose. Sold by Thomas Jenner at the South entrance of ye Exchange. W. Hollar fecit."

gone. He always received 12d. an hour"—in short, he thought of himself as a good, honest workman without any pretensions.

Somewhere about the year 1666 he was given a Court appointment, with next to no pay, but the magnificent title of "Scenographer or designer of prospects," and was sent to Tangiers, Catherine of Braganza's dowry, to make sketches of the town and fortifications. On the way home there was a scrap with pirates, to which we owe the etching, "Captain Kempthorne's Engagement in the Mary Rose with seven Algerine Men-of-War." For the series illustrating Tangiers he was paid £100. We are greatly in debt to this Czech *émigré*, for it was he who, without knowing it, laid the foundations of topographical drawing which was in due course to develop into our own tradition of water-colour painting—he and his English friends and followers, Francis Place (1647-1728) and Thomas Johnson (working from about 1651 to 1675).

Where Hollar is a sober, careful reporter, another and later man, who also lives in the foothills of my Olympus, is all sparkle and vivacity. When Francesco Guardi (1712-1793) died, he left to his son thousands of drawings, some of which were

sold for about sixpence apiece; nor was he considered of much account during his lifetime, for he only received about £5 in 1782 for four paintings of the State visit of Pope Pius VI. to Venice. Later generations have paid him due honour. I hesitate to label him a "scenographer," for that old-fashioned if pleasant word

may appear to imply some disparagement—none the less, that was what he was, but he brought to his task, which was the interpretation of Venice in its vivacity and golden charm, a fund of imagination which turns all factual reporting into poetic and slightly exaggerated lyrical verse. Presumably all of us in Britain, however insular we may be at heart, are incurably sentimental about Venice, remembering the magical beauty of its façade and being mildly enchanted by the romantically bedraggled appearance of the rest.

For that we have to thank not merely our own painters from Turner to Sargent but the eighteenth-century Venetian painters, of whom Guardi was the finest after Canaletto—dozens of them, who satisfied the demands of the visiting English of that day with innumerable views. (To-day the tourist is perfectly content with picture postcards.) Guardi went further in so many of the rapid, brilliant studies which portray sunlight and movement in pen and wash in so lively a fashion; unlike dear, painstaking, bob-an-hour Hollar, with his precision and love of accuracy, or, for that matter, unlike the great

Canaletto, in whose painting every stone and play of light upon it seem to be depicted, Guardi presents us often as not with *capriccios*, sketches of no particular piazza or building, but inventions from his own head, which do, in fact, reveal the spirit of the city as well as if he had taken more pains with them; indeed, given his temperament, probably a nearer approximation to the essence of that wonderful place than if he had laboriously endeavoured to follow a less spirited style of drawing.



A WORK BY THE CZECH *ÉMIGRÉ* WHO, "WITHOUT KNOWING IT, LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF TOPOGRAPHICAL DRAWING WHICH WAS IN DUE COURSE TO DEVELOP INTO OUR OWN TRADITION OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING": A VIEW OF THE THAMES BELOW WESTMINSTER PIER, BY WENCESLAUS HOLLAR.

One of the "scenographers" discussed by Mr. Davis on this page is Wenceslaus Hollar, of whom he says he was reminded in April this year when this drawing by Hollar turned up at a sale at Sotheby's. This view of the Thames below Westminster Pier is in pen and sepia ink, inscribed and signed. It shows, to the right, Westminster Hall and the old Houses of Parliament, Lambeth House in the distance, and figures promenading and unloading barges in the foreground.

This was hack work, merely a rehash of the old Saxon maps which had been published at intervals between 1584 and 1630, and without the agreeable monsters and mermaids which are such delightful decorations in more leisurely productions. By the time it was published, its engraver was a soldier



"UNLIKE DEAR, PAINSTAKING, BOB-AN-HOUR HOLLAR, WITH HIS PRECISION AND LOVE OF ACCURACY": A VENETIAN *CAPRICCIO* WITH FIGURES, BY FRANCESCO GUARDI.

This Venetian *capriccio*, by Francesco Guardi, which was sold at Sotheby's earlier this year, is an excellent example of one of his rapid, brilliant studies in which he portrays "sunlight and movement in pen and wash in so lively a fashion . . . and which does, in fact, 'reveal the spirit of the city as well as if he had taken more pains.'" This view of a wide Venetian square, with a tower surrounded by booths, is in pen and ink and wash, and is inscribed on the reverse with the acknowledgment of receipt for a sum of money in Guardi's hand and dated Venice, February 12, 1772. Francesco Guardi was born in Venice in 1712, and died there in 1793. He was a pupil of Canaletto. Guardi left thousands of drawings, some of which were sold after his death for about sixpence apiece.

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.

AMONG the various personages whom I have promoted from time to time to an honoured place in my private Olympus are two Czechs whose acquaintance I must have made about the same period and a good many years ago. The first of these, as you can easily guess, was Dvorak, and from the first there was no doubt as to his rank in the hierarchy of the gods. As to the second, I placed him then on the lower foothills of the mountain, and there, as far as I am concerned, he still remains, an industrious and amiable godling who will never scale the heights, but none the less a singularly interesting and somehow lovable character. This second man is Wenceslaus Hollar, who was born in Prague in 1607 and died in great poverty in London in 1677. He is remembered by numerous etchings and drawings—there are about fifty of the latter in the British Museum—and by the fact that John Evelyn spoke about him with genuine warmth.

I was reminded of him in April of this year, when a drawing of the Thames at Westminster turned up at a sale at Sotheby's. Evelyn refers to him as a sculptor—that is, what we would term engraver—and continues: "He did several other historical things, then relating to the accidents happening during the Rebellion in England, with great skill; besides many cities, towns and landscapes, not only of this nation, but of foreign parts, and divers portraits of famous persons then in being; and things designed from the best pieces of the rare paintings and masters of which the Earl of Arundel was possessor, purchased and collected in his travels with incredible expense; so as, though Hollar's were but etched in aqua-fortis, I account the collection to be the most authentic and useful extant. Hollar was the son of a gentleman near Prague, in Bohemia, and my very good friend; perverted at last by the Jesuits at Antwerp to change his religion; a very honest, simple, well-meaning man, who at last came over again into England, where he died. We have the whole history of the King's reign, from his trial in Westminster Hall and before, to the restoration of King Charles II., represented in several sculptures, with that also of Archbishop Laud, by this indefatigable artist; besides innumerable sculptures in the works of Dugdale, Ashmole, and of other historical and useful works."

Hollar met the Earl of Arundel, the first great English collector of works of art, at Cologne in 1627, when the latter was on his way to Vienna as Ambassador, and joined his train as a topographical draughtsman. When his employer returned to London in 1636, Hollar came with him. In due course, this Czech *émigré* found himself caught up in our Civil War. Arundel, like many other Royalists, left England in 1642; Hollar remained, drawing and etching, mainly

serving under the Marquess of Winchester at Basing House. There he was taken prisoner, but escaped to Antwerp, where he found Arundel. The latter died in 1646 and Hollar returned to London and worked for several print-sellers. Evelyn's reference to his modesty and simplicity is reinforced by one of his friends, who wrote: "He was very exact, for if anybody came in, and kept him from his business, he always laid the hourglass on one side, till they were

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



(Left.)
TO BE HEAD OF I.T.A.: SIR ROBERT FRASER.
Sir Robert Fraser, Director-General of the Central Office of Information since 1946, has been appointed Director-General of the Independent Television Authority. Sir Robert was Director, Publications Division, 1941-45, and Controller of Production, 1945-46, of the Ministry of Information, and was a leader writer for the *Daily Herald* from 1930-39.



THE PILOT OF THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD": CAPTAIN R. T. SHEPHERD IN THE COCKPIT OF AN ORDINARY AIRCRAFT.
Captain Shepherd, a former chief test pilot of Rolls-Royce, was at the controls of the "Flying Bedstead" when it made its successful vertical take-off, which was announced by Mr. Sandys, Minister of Supply, on September 6.

(Right.)
TO BE NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSIONER: MR. T. CLIFTON WEBB.
Mr. Thomas Clifton Webb, Attorney-General and Minister of External Affairs, has been appointed New Zealand High Commissioner to the United Kingdom and will take office after the General Election in November. Mr. Webb, who represented New Zealand at the Manila Conference recently concluded, has been eleven years in Parliament.



AT CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DR. FISHER (CENTRE).
Pictured above with the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Archbishop of British Columbia, Dr. Sexton (right), and the Premier of British Columbia, Mr. W. A. C. Bennett. Dr. Fisher dedicated the new stained-glass window of the Cathedral.



NEW FOREIGN MINISTER OF ITALY: SIGNOR GAETANO MARTINO.
Signor Piccioni, who announced his resignation as Foreign Minister on September 18 to "stand by his son" over the Montesi case, has been succeeded by Signor Martino, a Liberal and formerly Minister of Public Instruction. Signor Martino, who is fifty-three, is a professor of physiology, and was born at Messina, Sicily.



PRESENTING A TROPHY TO THE OWNERS OF PANCHO VILLA, WINNER OF THE GREYHOUND ST. LEGER: LADY CARISBROOKE (IN FUR CAPE).
Lady Carisbrooke, wife of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, Senior Steward of the National Greyhound Racing Club, presented a trophy to Mr. and Mrs. L. Evershed, owners of *Pancho Villa*, at Wembley on September 13.



THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NIGERIA: SIR J. MACPHERSON.
An Order in Council giving effect to the recommendations of the London and Lagos Conferences on the Nigerian Constitution is due to come into force on October 1. Under this Order, Sir John Macpherson, Governor since 1948, will become the first Governor-General of the Federation of Nigeria.



IN PEKING TO ATTEND THE NATIONAL PEOPLE'S CONGRESS: THE DALAI LAMA OF TIBET (LEFT) AND THE PANCHEN LAMA, BOTH WEARING TIBETAN STATE ROBES.
At the invitation of Mao Tse-tung, the two priestly rulers of Tibet, the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama, have arrived in Peking to attend the National People's Congress of China which opened in Huaijantang Hall on September 15. The Dalai Lama is twenty years old.



APPOINTED MASTER OF THE TEMPLE: CANON JOHN FIRTH.
Canon John D'Ewes Evelyn Firth, Chaplain and an Assistant Master of Winchester College, and Honorary Canon of Winchester, has been appointed Master of the Temple in succession to Canon Harold Anson. Canon Firth has been at Winchester College for thirty-one years, and was, until 1946, Housemaster of "Trants."



ON BOARD THE S.S. ORSOVA PRIOR TO SAILING FOR AUSTRALIA IN AN ATTEMPT TO RETAIN THE "ASHES": MEMBERS OF THE M.C.C. TOURING TEAM AT TILBURY.

England's cricketers, with the exception of D. C. S. Compton (Middlesex), who hopes to join the team later by air, subject to a satisfactory report on his knee, left Tilbury on September 15 on board the *S.S. Orsova* bound for Australia, where they hope to be able to defend the "Ashes," regained in England in 1953. Standing (l. to r.): C. Duckworth (scorer); T. W. Graveney (Gloucestershire); P. B. H. May (Surrey); H. W. Dalton (masseur); L. Hutton, captain (Yorkshire); W. J. Edrich

(Middlesex); Lord Cobham, President-Elect of the M.C.C.; R. Appleyard (Yorkshire); Mr. H. S. Altham, Chairman of the Selection Committee; R. T. Simpson (Nottinghamshire); J. V. Wilson (Yorkshire); A. V. Bedser (Surrey); Mr. C. Howard (manager). Front row: J. E. McConnon (Glamorgan); J. B. Statham (Lancashire); J. H. Wardle (Yorkshire); K. V. Andrew (Northamptonshire); M. C. Cowdrey (Kent) and T. G. Evans (Kent).

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE AND MINERAL: RECENT NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



THE TALLEST MAN-MADE STRUCTURE IN THE WORLD: THE TELEVISION TOWER FOR STATION KWTU, IN OKLAHOMA CITY. Although we know that "everything's up-to-date in Kansas City," it is, at least in one respect, behind Oklahoma City, where a television tower is being erected which will be 100 ft. higher than the Empire State Building in New York.



THE CLOSING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE LINE: A RAILWAY ENTHUSIASTS' "SPECIAL" SEEN AT RICHMOND DURING THE LAST PASSENGER-CARRYING JOURNEY ON SEPTEMBER 18. During the week-end of September 18-19, the Crystal Palace (High Level) branch railway line to Nunhead was closed. On September 18 a steam-hauled railway enthusiasts' "special" made the last passenger-carrying journey along the old Crystal Palace and South London Junction railway line.



ON VIEW IN A CENTENARY EXHIBITION: AN 1890 PHOTOGRAPH OF GEORGE EASTMAN, FOUNDER OF THE WORLD-WIDE KODAK ORGANISATION. A centenary exhibition covering the life and achievements of George Eastman, founder of the world-wide Kodak organisation, opened at the Kodak Gallery, 184, Regent Street, W.1, on September 14 and will continue until September 30. Last month this exhibition was on view at the Royal Photographic Society. George Eastman, who was born in 1854, and died in 1932, was one of the greatest pioneers in the development of photography.



RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN OXFORD AND SHORTLY TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK: A PAINTING BY MR. DONALD WATSON ENTITLED "MALLARD WAITING FOR THE THAW, LOCH KEN." During the British Association week in Oxford at the beginning of this month some seventy paintings of birds and landscape by Mr. Donald Watson were exhibited at Black Hall, St. Giles, the offices of the British Council. Some of these paintings, including the one shown here, will shortly be exhibited in New York.



A SWALLOW'S NEST IN A BEDROOM LAMP SHADE IN RHYL: THE MOTHER BIRD TAKING FOOD TO HER YOUNG.

Mr. Rees, of Rhyl, was awakened one summer morning by a pair of swallows, who soon made it obvious that they wanted to nest in a lampshade over his bed. Mr. Rees kindly gave up his bedroom to the birds, who hatched four eggs and reared their young there.



MEMBERS OF ONE OF THE FIVE HERDS STILL EXTANT IN BRITAIN: A BULL AND HEIFER OF THE CHARTLEY TYPE OF WILD WHITE CATTLE SEEN AT WHIPSNAD.

Whipsnade Zoo has recently acquired from Woburn Park this bull and heifer of the Chartley type of wild white cattle of which five herds are now extant in Britain, that at Chillingham being the best known. The last pure-bred Chartley bull died in 1910.

THE CUTTY SARK'S LAST BERTH, AND THE COASTAL FORCES MEMORIAL.



THE LAST BERTH AND PERMANENT RESTING-PLACE OF THE FAMOUS TEA CLIPPER CUTTY SARK: THE NEW DOCK AT GREENWICH.

The *Cutty Sark*, the most famous of the nineteenth-century clippers, is expected to make her last voyage on October 14 or 15. She will leave East India Dock and be towed to Greenwich, where a new dry dock has been specially built for her. After the *Cutty Sark* has been berthed, the dock will

be completed—probably by the end of the year—and the work of re-rigging and refitting will soon be begun. This may take about twelve months. Thus installed the *Cutty Sark* will be preserved as a national monument and a record of the glorious days of sail in the Merchant Navy.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE SERVICE AT H.M.S. HORNET, GOSPORT, WHEN A MEMORIAL TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF COASTAL FORCES WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN WORLD WAR II. WAS DEDICATED AND UNVEILED.

After a short service of dedication, the Coastal Forces Memorial was unveiled by Mrs. C. Hichens, the widow of Lieut.-Commander R. P. Hichens, R.N.V.R., one of the most famous commanders of "the little ships," who was killed in action in 1943. The memorial, in the form of an ornamental wall,

is inscribed with the names of the bases from which M.T.B.s, motor-gunboats and motor-launches operated during the war. The ceremony was held in the presence of Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C-in-C, Portsmouth, and a large gathering.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SNOW AND FIRE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE are times when I feel it is better to delay the review of a piece than to write about it white-hot from the theatre. Although one misses a sense of immediacy, one does make sure of remembering only the things that had been most impressive, or otherwise. Against this, of course, is the argument that one may forget the whole thing. But that is an occupational risk, and I would say that a performance so easily lost is not really worth remembering.

I am not only writing of the week's two plays some time after seeing them, but I am also writing without any kind of note. Chance has taken me from the theatre for a few days, and into a distant cathedral city which has never been regarded as a fortress of the stage. True, the City Hall seems to be mixed up mysteriously with a cinema of sorts; but I have not found the answer to this yet.

My two plays are fantastically different. They have only one thing in common: if you looked from the window of each of the rooms represented upon the stage, you would see distant mountains. One designer has shown them; the other has left them to be understood. One play, in quality, is high above the snow-line; the other is somewhere well down in the foothills.

I was thinking of the first play as I descended into the city the other evening, coming for a mile or so along a ferocious main road, fortunately calmer at twilight than by day, when it seems to be a rattling speed-track. On that twilight walk towards the spires that began suddenly to thrust up against a dun cloudbank, I found I could recall every move in the first act of "Hedda Gabler." This is the snow-crest drama, Ibsen's technically magnificent study of the woman, selfish, scheming, pretentious, who sought to shape a human destiny. Hedda is always a challenge to an actress; I have never seen it accepted more firmly than by Peggy Ashcroft at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

This actress who, more than anyone in the English theatre, can hold our sympathy, has now refused

frigid Hedda, we shiver in a Polar night. It made me think that the best Cordelia of our day—no one at Stratford has forgotten her—would be equally impressive as Goneril or Regan. We must cease to be astonished at this understanding and range. Peggy

"All For Mary," a "farceful comedy"—the authors' description—that comes to us as an evening out for Kathleen Harrison. If there is a Nannies' Society, it will probably hold a protest meeting; but I think myself that Miss Harrison's Nannie Cartwright is an honour to her profession: nobody can manage a nursery with a more consummate appreciation of all the technical tricks, the little ways that make a Nannie (a good one) what she is.

Let me explain that we are playing with farcical fire in a top-floor room of the Hotel Splendide at a winter sports resort in the French Alps. It is a cluttered attic; when we see it first, it is full of old bedsteads, trunks, and mixed rubbish. By the next act it has become a neat and wholly hygienic ward. In two beds, side by side, lie two men, one complacent and obedient (Michael Shepley, from Stoke Poges); one rebellious and bored (David Tomlinson). Nannie had come to nurse, as she thought, two children with chicken-pox. They happen to be men. That, says Nannie, is no reason for departing from her usual routine, especially when she recognises in



"EILERT LOVBORG SETTLED HIS ACCOUNT WITH HIMSELF. HE'S HAD THE COURAGE TO DO WHAT—WHAT HAD TO BE DONE . . .": HEDDA (PEGGY ASHCROFT) IN A SCENE FROM ACT III. OF IBSEN'S "HEDDA GABLER" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), WITH (L. TO R.) BRACK (MICHAEL MACLIAMMOIR), MRS. ELVSTED (RACHEL KEMPSON) AND TESMAN (GEORGE DEVINE).

Ashcroft is, very simply, an actress prepared for anything; and I recalled with admiration the cold power of her Hedda as I tramped down the long, darkening road.

I remembered several other things also: the suave chill of Brack (Michael MacLiammoir), one of the sinister men-about-Christiania; the dim, shaggy good-nature of George Devine as Tesman, the short-sighted husband who seems to be like a good-natured uncle playing bears in the dusk; and the quiet truth of Rachel Kempson as Thea, a part one has seen played like a mildly agitated rice pudding. Alan Badel got us to believe in Lovborg's work, never an easy thing to do: he has gone now to make a film, and Michael Warre has followed him.

Here, then, is an Ibsen revival for stage history, the more surely since it is acted in Max Faber's version, which has turned the usual starched text into something pliable and speakable. I am glad that Mr. Faber has not adopted the suggestion of one of our Ibsen scholars. He does not allow Hedda, in the famous manuscript-burning, to talk of "burning your bairn." "Child" is quite enough. One phrase that could be adjusted is Brack's "I do trust that a gay time will be had by all." That lacks the tone of time.

We can observe a snow-capped peak through the window of the setting at the Duke of York's. But it is the only frigid matter in



"GIVING ONE OF THE MOST SURPRISING PERFORMANCES OF HER CAREER": PEGGY ASHCROFT AS HEDDA IN "HEDDA GABLER," WITH ALAN BADEL AS LOVBORG. ALAN BADEL HAS NOW GONE TO MAKE A FILM AND MICHAEL WARRE HAS FOLLOWED HIM AS LOVBORG.

Mr. Shepley the boy she had known in another nursery. The entire play depends on the second-childhood joke. Although the dramatists, Harold Brooke and Kay Bannerman, have cobbled up a fairly elaborate plot—the two men in the ward are both matrimonially entangled with a girl played by Betty Paul—nothing matters except the scenes for Kathleen Harrison as she plays every Nannie's prolonged game of patience, uses every Nannie's guile, talks in every Nannie's jargon. The audience volleys into ecstatic little recognising shrieks as she says "'Don't care' must be made to care," "What a naughty carry-on!", and my favourite, "Quick's the word and sharp's the action!"

Without Miss Harrison the farce might very well flop. Indeed, it is already hard to recall much of the naughty carry-on when she is out of the way. But Nannie does not need a plot, for—bless her heart—she is never ruffled. On these country walks I found myself chuckling as I recalled the bland little starling who observes, as she takes a temperature, "Even if you're normal I have to know, in case you're not." It occurred to me that she might have been the very Nannie for Hedda Gabler. I should have liked so much to have seen Hedda in bed, with Miss Harrison standing over her to say in tones of mild reproof—but with an inner core of steel—"That's an ugly face to pull. Suppose the wind changed, and you stayed like that!"



"IN TWO BEDS, SIDE BY SIDE, LIE TWO MEN, ONE COMPLACENT AND OBEIENT (MICHAEL SHEPLEY, FROM STOKE POGES); ONE REBELLIOUS AND BORED (DAVID TOMLINSON)": "ALL FOR MARY" (DUKE OF YORK'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH NANNIE CARTWRIGHT (KATHLEEN HARRISON) TAKING THE TEMPERATURES OF HER TWO PATIENTS, HUMPHREY MILLAR (MICHAEL SHEPLEY—LEFT) AND CLIVE NORTON (DAVID TOMLINSON).

to work for it. Her Hedda is totally unsympathetic, utterly uncompromising. Approach her, and you would be frostbitten. It is like an edged draught when she suddenly appears in her sitting-room, early in the first act, and stands for a moment, moodily poised. And yet this cold woman can burn with a passion that will finally consume her. Kipling wrote a poem about "bonfires on the ice," and I think of the phrase when remembering Miss Ashcroft; with her the fire is concealed, though we know it is there. Watching the

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HEDDA GABLER" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—The wind is in the North. Here is Peggy Ashcroft, upon the slopes of Mount Ibsen and giving one of the most surprising performances of her career as that bitter, frigid woman, Mrs. Tesman (General Gabler's daughter), one of the few wives, I imagine, to have indulged in pistol-practice in Christiania. A splendid production by Peter Ashmore. (September 8.)

"ALL FOR MARY" (Duke of York's).—It is Nannie Cartwright's play, and Nannie is Kathleen Harrison. When she is guarding her two invalids—grown men with (allegedly) chicken-pox—and training them in the forgotten ways of the nursery, the farce has a warm glow. It may be dull enough when she is off, but we need not think of that. (September 9.)

"MACBETH" (Old Vic).—The season opens with Michael Benthal's production of the tragedy which I reviewed when it began its career at Edinburgh. Paul Rogers and Ann Todd have the leading parts, with John Neville as Macduff. (September 9.)



ACT I. OF "NELSON": THE BALL IN THE PALAZZO SESSA, NAPLES, GIVEN BY THE AMBASSADOR, SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, IN HONOUR OF NELSON'S FORTIETH BIRTHDAY AND THE BATTLE OF THE NILE. (CENTRE, L. TO R.) NELSON (ROBERT THOMAS), MRS. CADOGAN (SHEILA REX), LADY HAMILTON (VICTORIA ELLIOTT) AND SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON (ARNOLD MATTERS).



ACT II., SCENE I., OF "NELSON": THE DRAWING-ROOM OF 17, DOVER STREET, NOVEMBER 1800. LADY NELSON FORCES NELSON TO CHOOSE BETWEEN HERSELF AND LADY HAMILTON, AND THE BREAK IS MADE. "THIS, THEN, IS THE END OF OUR LOVE." (L. TO R.) LADY NELSON (ANNA POLLAK), SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON (ARNOLD MATTERS), NELSON (ROBERT THOMAS), LADY HAMILTON (VICTORIA ELLIOTT), MRS. CADOGAN, HER MOTHER (SHEILA REX) AND CAPTAIN HARDY (DAVID WARD).

"NELSON"—A NEW OPERA AT THE SADLER'S WELLS, BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE GREAT ADMIRAL.

On September 22 the Sadler's Wells Opera Company arranged to present, as the first new production of their 1954-55 season, the world première of Mr. Lennox Berkeley's "Nelson," in three acts. The opera, Mr. Berkeley's first full-length work, takes as its theme the struggle between love and duty as exemplified in Nelson's life. The episodes chosen are all related to this theme, and we see him at one moment resisting the encroachments of his private life and at another seemingly on the brink of abandoning his naval career and position as a national

hero, rather than let them affect his relationship with Lady Hamilton. The libretto, by Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, is based upon Carola Oman's "Life of Nelson," and follows as closely as possible the exact course of history. The naval atmosphere of the work owes much to the influence of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Lambe, a keen musician himself, who encouraged the composer to work on the opera. The son of a naval officer, Mr. Berkeley was educated mainly in Paris as a pupil of Nadia Boulanger, and is now a Professor of Composition at the Royal Academy of Music.

Photographs by Denis de Marney.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

MOST of our "brave new world" stories—the class of 1984—have one glum feature which presumably was not designed, and which, with great docility, nobody mentions. Namely, that they appear to have been written under the heel. In such a spiritual void, peopled with such flat characters—so woodenly, so unoriginally flat—no one seems even worth redeeming, let alone susceptible to it. Thus, what was meant to fight off the Dark Age has the effect of helping it along. We are not nerved, but hypnotised like rabbits; and we applaud the feat, as though there could be nothing better than to shiver and shake.

"The Joker," by Jean Malaquais (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), turns all that upside down, throwing pseudo-realism and defeat out of the window. Granted the "City" is hell, what must we do to avoid burning? As Jane Eyre said, "We must keep in good health, and not die."

Pierre has observed this rule, and so the narrative is in his image, not in the City's image. It is exuberant with life; and the free wind of fantasy; it has a touch of Kafka, but of an easier and gayer Kafka. The lethal System is transformed into a kind of magic monster, omnipresent and grotesque. Its all-seeing eye somehow detected Pierre in his obscurity—while, as an employee of the National Institute of Beauty and Aesthetics, he was engaged in hawking beauty preparations round his district and trying to catch up on his theoretical average of twenty-five minutes per customer, and 120 seconds to get from door to door. What between attention to duty and infatuation with his wife—a radiant hedonist, blithe as a pet canary in a cage—he might be expected to pass muster. But for the City, harmlessness won't do. Pierre is still hankering after the sky (which has become invisible), dreaming of things as they are not, and even writing poems on onion-skin paper. . . . So, first of all, he gets a raise. And in the evening, after work, his key won't fit. His flat is inhabited by a bald mountebank, a traveller in socks, with a fat wife named Kouka. Inside, he recognises nothing but a mark on the ceiling. Then he tries calling up, and is told the number doesn't exist. His name has vanished from the directory. His wife has melted into air. She works at the National Institute of Applied Idiosyncrasy (whose rôle is to dissuade the citizen from any ill-judged quirks) but the only fruit of his inquiry is to be dissuaded from looking for her. Meanwhile, thanks to the paucity of hotels and the peculiarities of registration, he is without a place to lay his head. And at all moments, and behind any door, he may run into Dr. Babitch, the official purifier, with his deal table, and his demand, "Show me your underthings. . . ."

Only the bluff is more elaborate and populous. It is not always clear; but it is full of spirit and imagination.

OTHER FICTION.

Those who prefer hard facts cannot do better than "The Governor's Wife," by David Unwin (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), though they could easily pick a more cheerful subject. This is the newest glimpse of Africa. And, after such a plethora of glimpses, it is really new, not in essential substance but in quality. To start with, the hero is an outsider, though a privileged outsider. He has been sent by a financial Trust, to report on the Nwambe Desert Irrigation Project—which ought, in theory, to make the desert bloom. And there is no reason why it shouldn't; no technical reason. The Nwambe could be paradise on earth, not only for the people of Bandaland, but for surplus and starving millions across the border, in the "white" Republic of Equatoria. But what Sebastian has to look out for are the human factors. First, he is shown the empty land—and its strange denizens, the Wamai, to whom it has been promised for eternity. (Though hardly anyone would think twice about that.) Next comes a flying visit to Equatoria, where men are men, and filthy niggers are black apes. Sebastian gets a good view of the proper style, and of what happens to the dissenter. So he can't wonder if the Bandal prefer their neighbours at a large remove. For the Protectorate is by comparison idyllic; and it is full of charm, with its thatched village-capital, its women bright as parrots in Victorian gowns, and its contented peasantry, singing at night over the cooking-fires. If they could only stay like that! But in the capital, progress and liberty are making strides. The next step will be Mau Mau; and with the fate of this too-hopeful Project, it is well begun.

The Governor's wife can be left out; so can the whole personal element. This is a brilliant essay, in dramatic form. It is more vivid than an essay, and inspires equal confidence; but as a novel, it is a non-starter.

Which applies also to "The Falling Stream," by Hester W. Chapman (Cape; 10s. 6d.), though in a rather different way. The narrator, Mary Henderson, a plain woman of fifty-two, lost Edward twenty years ago to her best friend, and has become the prop of their ménage. For the once-enchanting Laura is a neurotic ruin; Edward has given up his life to her, but it is Mary she can't spare. And Mary's long love has been sublimated in the common task—until they go on holiday to Maramonte. Edward's best friend is an Apulian duke; and in his magic wilderness all break away from habit with surprising consequences.

Only the upshot, and their whole relation, is perversely dull. The truly memorable charm lies in the extras: in the baroque environment, the Anglomaniac host, and Nadya, his hypnotic flame.

"Two Died In Singapore," by John Sherwood (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), takes little Mr. Blessington to South-East Asia, to report on currency controls. At Singapore, he is held up by some unfortunate irregularities ending in suicide. And then on his last night, he has a most uncomfortable dinner with a strange newspaper-man—a lurid, raffish type, even more trying than he expected; and that winds up in murder, under his very nose. The victim proves to have been a supply clerk from Indo-China, apparently involved in gun-running. Hence a detour to Saigon—where the theatrical McClure turns up again—and then to Hanoi and a complicated past, with Viet-minh politicians, Chinese Nationalist soldiers and the "business community" milling around in post-war chaos. And the scene closes with a delightful little revolution in Bangkok. It is all good fun—the plot, the local politics, the little Pickwick from the Treasury, and his egregious aide. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A HUMOROUS ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOUR.

THERE could hardly have been a better choice than Mr. Stephen Potter to write "Sense of Humour" (Reinhardt; 15s.), for Mr. Potter, by his admirable books on "Gamesmanship" and "Lifemanship," has created an entirely new angle on the English sense of humour and gives the lie thereby to the opening words of his book: "The day of English humour is declining." Mr. Potter sets out to answer the question as to when it was that the "English Sense of Humour" became established as something vaguely like good sportsmanship, a quality which seemed all at once to be something we had always possessed, always must possess, wouldn't be quite right if we didn't possess, would hate to see absent from our sons-in-law or our policemen or our Prime Ministers. It does not seem to me to matter that he only partially and unsatisfactorily answers the question, placing the English sense

of humour, as he defines it, in the nineteenth century and with the Victorian middle classes. For Mr. Potter, I suspect, has merely used his theme as a means of collecting for our enjoyment a whole anthology of English humour, conscious and unconscious, witty or tragic, good-natured or sardonic, ranging from Chaucer's "Wife of Bath" and his more bitter "Pardoner," to the admirable Messrs. Paul Jennings and Osbert Lancaster. The truth of the matter is that quite apart from changing social habits or customs, there is a constant in English humour which differentiates it from American, or the humour of any other country, but which I could certainly not analyse and which even Mr. Potter has failed to isolate. I am surprised that he devotes so much space to Bernard Shaw which, if I may make so bold, dates him a little. For Shaw divorced from his pet hobby-horses, and no longer able to do his own publicity, is proving daily less funny and daily more evanescent. But then, as I say, we are dated by the heroes of our youth, which accounts, no doubt, for the fact that Mr. Potter irritates me by his neglect of Hilaire Belloc. However, this is mere personal cavilling and is a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the face of the sun of pleasure which beams from Mr. Potter's admirable pages. There is mordant humour, such as Samuel Butler's comment on Theobald Pontifex's remark that he had sat for two hours before the statue of Laocoon in the Uffizzi: "I wonder how often he looked at his watch to see if the two hours were up." And there is such delicious unconscious humour, as the quotations from the Isthmian book of Croquet, including the immortal: "Everyone will remember the occasion when Colonel Streeter said 'There is nothing for it but to go for it,' and hooped diagonally across the lawn." But it is no use attempting by quotation (when all is quotable) to give an impression of this splendid volume. It should be read at one sitting and dipped into thereafter in moments of depression or hilarity.

Mr. Potter in his book evokes some of the cruelty and harshness which went hand-in-hand with the rise to power of the new, robust, tough and vigorous Victorian middle classes. To fit their children for the new social spheres to which the rising tradesmen and industrialists of nineteenth-century Britain were aspiring, they had recourse to a peculiarly English institution; the governess. But, as Miss Bea Howe says in "A Galaxy of Governesses" (Verschoyle; 15s.), though the nineteenth century was the heyday of the governess, it was also the period when they were worst treated. The new rich wanted their young to be instructed by gentlefolk and their demand was more than matched by the supply of clergymen's daughters or daughters of Army and Navy officers' widows who found a precarious livelihood awaiting them. But the new rich, with their inferiority complexes, did not know how to treat them and the governesses' lot was a miserable one. Miss Howe believes that the first governess mentioned must have been the lady recommended by St. Jerome to the Lady Laeta for her little daughter Paula. She traces the development of the English governess through the clever, designing Margaret Swynford, who married John of Gaunt, through the endearing and faithful Mistress Ashley, whom nothing could separate from her beloved Princess Elizabeth (afterwards Elizabeth I.), through the erudite Mrs. Elstob in the seventeenth century, the serene Selina Trimmer, who ruled the delightful household of eighteenth-century Devonshire House with a rod of iron wrapped in velvet, to the Brontës and the other unhappy governesses of the nineteenth century, to the great "Fifth Column" of English governesses in Royal and aristocratic families abroad. Of these last, whose devotion to duty and loyalty, very often unto death, to their charges, Miss Howe writes charmingly and movingly, she also writes nostalgically.

A governess was one of the villainesses of a book which I found fascinating. This is "Saint-With Red Hands?" by Yselt Bridges (Jarrolds; 16s.). For the governess was the second wife of Mr. Samuel Kent, a rich Victorian tradesman whose four-year-old son by her was found with his throat cut in the grounds of his pleasant Georgian mansion. Although his elder daughter by his first marriage, sixteen-year-old Constance, was arrested and acquitted with acclamation, and although the girl, five years later, made a voluntary confession to the

crime which puzzled all England, there seems little doubt, after Mrs. Bridges' brilliant reconstruction of the crime, that the murder was committed by Mr. Kent himself, to stop the mouth of the child (who was an inveterate tell-tale), who had discovered his confession was the result, partly of her knowledge of her father's guilt and her stepmother's connivance, and partly of religious hysteria induced by the atmosphere of the Anglican convent which she had entered. The case of Constance Kent remains probably one of the greatest miscarriages of English judicial history.

The atmosphere of the West End of London at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century is admirably recaptured in "Curtain Call For The Guv'nor," by Ursula Bloom (Hutchinson; 15s.). George Edwardes, whose biography it is, occupied a position in the London theatre as an impresario which no-one before or since (with a possible exception of C. B. Cochran, in our times) has held. Miss Bloom brings his pleasing personality and those of the great actors and actresses he created charmingly to life in this comprehensive, if lightly-written, book. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is a delightful game in the Open Championship at Skegness won by a young London player; my notes are based on the winner's comments. This game won the special Best Game Prize.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

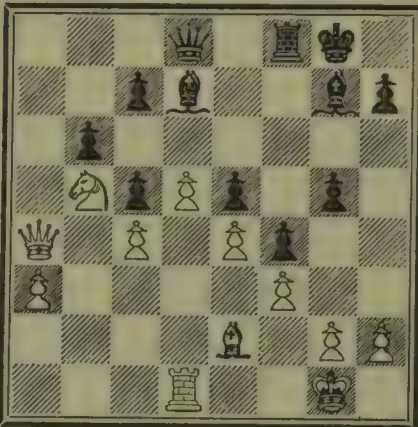
White	Black	White	Black
J. G.	A. H.	J. G.	A. H.
COCKCROFT	TROTT	COCKCROFT	TROTT
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	7. Castles	P-K4
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	8. R-K1	R-K1
3. Kt-QB3	P-Kt2	9. P-Q5	R-B1
4. P-K4	P-Q3	10. R-Kt1	P-QR4
5. Kt-B3	Castles	11. P-QR3	Kt-B4
6. B-K2	QKt-Q2	12. Kt-Q2	

If 12. Q-B2? Black can play 12... KKt×P1; e.g., 13. Kt×Kt, Kt×Kt; 14. Q×Kt, B-B4 winning the rook.

12.	P-R5	19. Kt-Kt5	P-Kt4
13. P-B3	KKt-Q2	20. R-Kt4	Kt-B4
14. P-QKt4	P×P.e.p.	21. B×Kt	Q×B
15. Kt×P	Kt×Kt	22. R-R4	R×R
16. R×Kt	P-KB4	23. Q×R	B-Q2
17. B-K3	P-B5	24. R-Q1	
18. B-B2	P-Kt3		

So that (among other things) . . . Q-R5 by Black shall not attack this rook.

If 24. Q-R7, P-Kt5! 25. Q×BP, Q-R5 and wins; e.g., 26. R-QKt1, P-Kt6; 27. P-R3, B×P; 28. B-B1, B-Kt5; 29. B-Q3, B×P! Or if 27. P×P, P×P; 28. B-Q3, R×P! If 25. P×P, Q-R5 leads to positions like those in the game itself.



24. P-Kt5 25. Q-R7
25. P×P, Q-R5! 26. P-R3, P-B6; 27. B×P, R×B would be bad for White.

25. Q-R5 28. Q×BP B-K6ch
26. P×P P-B6! 29. K-R1 B-B5
27. B×P B-R3

Not 29. . . . R×B; 30. Q×B! B-B5 and White has a perpetual check. The repetitions which follow are motivated by a desire to save time on the clock—i.e., to make fewer moves which call for real calculation, in the two hours allotted to 36.

30. P-R3 Q-Kt6 35. P×B B-B5
31. K-Kt1 B-K6ch 36. K-Kt1 B-K6ch
32. K-R1 B-B5 37. K-R1 R×B
33. K-Kt1 B-K6ch 38. Q-B8ch
34. K-R1 B×Kt

Not 38. P×R, Q×RP mate; or 38. P-Q6, R-B1! (not 38. . . . B-B5; 39. Q-Q8ch with perpetual check); 39. P-Q7, B-B5 winning easily.

38. K-Kt2
Not 38. . . . R-B1; 39. Q-K6ch, K-Kt2; 40. P-Kt5!
39. Q-Q7ch

If 39. P-Q6, R-B2! (not 39. . . . R-B1? 40. P-Q7! B-B5; 41. Q×Rch, etc.); 40. P-Q7, B-B5; 41. Q-R8ch, K×Q; 42. P-Q8(Q)ch, K-Kt2, and Black finishes up with a winning superiority in material.

39. R-B2 43. K-K2 Q×KtPch
40. Q-K6 B-B5 44. K-Q3 R-B6ch
41. K-Kt1 Q-R7ch 45. K-B4 Q-QR7 mate
42. K-B1 B-B6disch

FROM OXFORD

to the highways of the world

Oxford is not only one of Britain's loveliest cities — rich in antiquity, graced by the beauty of age, mellow with centuries of learning — it is a city powerful also in the industrial life of Britain.

From Oxford, British cars travel to the four corners of the world.



Trans-Canada From Halifax to Vancouver, across Prairie or Rocky Mountains, British cars in their thousands serve Canada. The majority have bodywork by Pressed Steel.



Rolling down to Rio Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Central America . . . the New World knows well the dependability of British cars—and the strength of Pressed Steel bodywork.

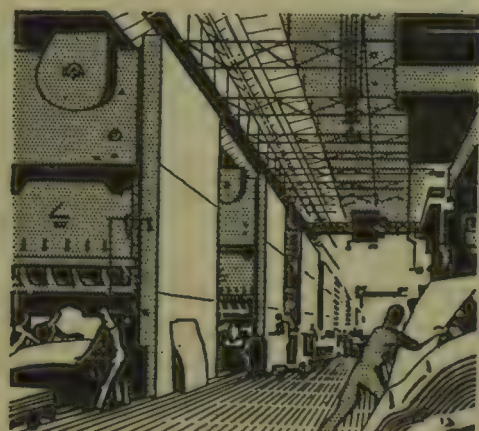
Under Mediterranean or tropic suns, in the rain and snow of the Northern hemisphere or the humid heat of the East, Pressed Steel bodywork maintains and enhances the British tradition of craftsmanship in engineering.

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED

Britain's largest Independent Manufacturers of
CAR BODIES



Factories: COWLEY, OXFORD • THEALE, BERKSHIRE • LINWOOD, SCOTLAND.
Head Office: COWLEY • London Office: SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169 REGENT STREET, W.1.
MANUFACTURERS ALSO OF PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATORS, STEEL RAILWAY WAGONS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND PRESSINGS OF ALL TYPES.



Cars are one of Britain's greatest, and most valuable exports—earning vital hard currency, maintaining employment, building prosperity. Pressed Steel Company Limited is proud to be associated not only with many of the most famous names in the British motor-car industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer and Wolseley, but with other manufacturers yet to achieve world renown.



Precious moments

Through four generations
CHERRY HEERING

has witnessed as well as
created many precious moments.

Unchanged since 1818,
this old Danish delight

will grace your day whenever
and wherever you meet with it.



CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to
The late King George VI



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H. M.
King Frederik IX



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H. M.
King Gustaf VI Adolf



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H. M.
The Queen of the Netherlands

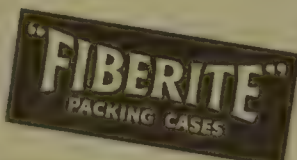


Cure for packaging travel sickness...

It's the ups and downs of travel that affect a package most. The only certain cure is to use a sturdy, strong-hearted package that comes from a long line of intrepid travellers... family name "Fiberite".

Into "Fiberite" cases go forty-five years' experience in overcoming the ills that packages are heir to. Constant improvement in the breed is your guarantee of strength, safety and reliability.

THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD
Purfleet, Essex and Warrington, Lancs



Manufacturers of: "THAMES BOARD" for cartons and box making; "FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated board; "ESSEX" Wallboard

FB 7-1143-120



*The Whisky
with the
Highland
Flavour*

MACKINLAY'S
Scotch **WHISKY**



ESTABLISHED 1820

**Tough as a tank...
comfortable as a car...**

the improved

LAND-ROVER

Standard model with detachable canvas hood and side screens.



COMMERCIAL
MOTOR SHOW
STAND No. 85

By increasing the wheelbase to 86" the designers have given the Land-Rover a 25% bigger bulk carrying capacity. This extends the already impressive range of tasks which the vehicle can take in its stride. At the same time, the greater axle movement resulting from the longer propeller shaft gives much improved suspension.

Deep, cellular-rubber sprung seating for three front-seat passengers will appeal to all who want big-car comfort on workaday activities. High-efficiency ventilation and weather-sealing also help to make even the toughest of assignments a pleasure trip, while ease of driving is assured by car-style instruments and a conventional layout of the controls.



LAND-ROVER

the 4-WHEEL DRIVE

"go anywhere" vehicle


MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LTD • SOLIHULL • BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON

Well up in textiles, Mrs. Buchan?

In recent times many new methods have reinforced the traditional skill of the textile manufacturer and aided his search for greater efficiency and better materials. Many improvements have come from the use of phosphates manufactured by Albright & Wilson. In the dyeing and processing of textiles, Calgon and other phosphates have helped to give the bright and colourful fabrics of today.



ALBRIGHT & WILSON

Chemicals for Industry 

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LIMITED • 49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W1

TBW 170

SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



A GENEROUS GESTURE

"WHAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND SMYTHE, THAT YOU DON'T SPEAK?"

"HAW! FACT IS, WE WERE BOTH WIVALS FOR THE HAND OF A CELEBWATED BEAUTY!—AND—WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BWAG, BUT I GOT THE BEST OF IT."

"MY DEAR FELLOW, A THOUSAND CONGRATULATIONS!"

"THANKS AWFLY! WE BOTH PWOPOSED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW, AND SHE ACCEPTED—A—HIM!"



20 for 3/11d.

[Doubtless considering himself to be the most Fortunate and Generous of Mortals, our Young Gentleman thereupon gives further Proof of his Magnanimity by proffering one of his precious "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes—the Partaking of which is truly calculated to enhance the Enjoyment of any Singular Occasion.

It's always been

THE "THREE CASTLES"

CIGARETTES

for The Quality

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

TT274H



BY APPOINTMENT

Mintons Ltd., China Manufacturers to the late King George V

MINTON

The World's
Most Beautiful
China

MINTONS LTD.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT

EST. 160 YEARS



By Appointment
Naval Outfitters
to the late
King George VI



Perhaps the best sort of raincoat—
simply cut in really light-weight
poplin, self-lined—suitable for rain
or shine, town or country:

£10. 3. 6.

Gieves

LIMITED

Tailors, Hatters and Outfitters since 1785
27 Old Bond Street London W1
Telephone: HYDe Park 2276

Nature's Masterpieces
can be
instantly
recognised—
—so can



HARRIS TWEED

A masterpiece of Man and Nature

THIS IS HOW ►

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark, and guarantees that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.



LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE
GARMENT

Imported by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED



BELL'S

"Afore ye go"

This fine old whisky
contains all the rich-
ness of many years
maturing.



ARTHUR BELL & SONS LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, PERTH
• AN INDEPENDENT HOUSE •
Established 1825



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

New York: EXCELSIOR WINE CO., 150 BROADWAY



From the modest to the magnificent

High quality gems combine with distinction of design in the outstanding array of rings at Benson's of Bond St. Benson catalogues can be sent on request & credit facilities are available. Benson's have many perfectly lovely rings priced from £50-£300. Among those illustrated, the unusual sapphire and diamond cluster is remarkable value at £135. Also rings of simple beauty from as little as £20.

OPEN 9-1 SATURDAYS

Benson

of Old Bond Street

J. W. BENSON LTD • 25 OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W1



To make the office a better place to work in



Roneo's interest in solving office problems extends far beyond the provision of equipment. Time and time again Roneo's advice has resulted in the finding of a simpler, more efficient solution at much less cost. Whether you are a small or large business, starting from scratch or reorganising, call in Roneo.

STEEL PARTITIONING
FILING AND RECORDS
DUPLICATORS
STEEL DESKING AND EQUIPMENT
OFFICE PLANNING
LIBRARY AND BANKING EQUIPMENT

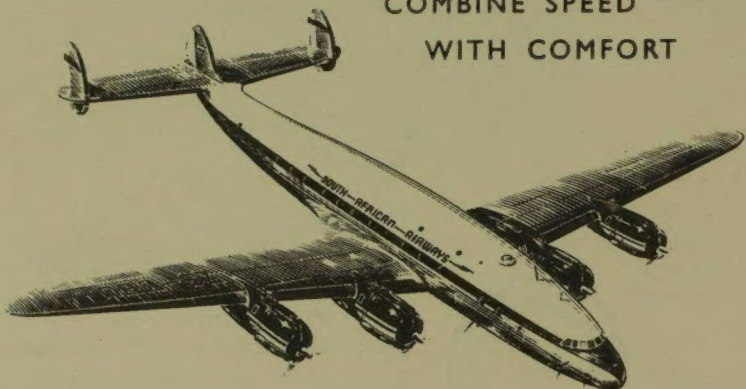
call in **RONEO**

*and do the job **PROPERLY***

Write to Roneo Ltd., 17 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1 Telephone: Holborn 7622

FLY 'SPRINGBOK' TO South Africa

COMBINE SPEED
WITH COMFORT



Regular Standard and Tourist
services between London and Johannesburg
by four-engined pressurized
Constellation airliners

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(IN ASSOCIATION WITH B.O.A.C.)

Consult your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C., or South African Airways, South
Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. (Whitehall 4488)



VIVE LE
SPORT! GO BY RAIL...

Travel in the height of comfort at fares that are down to earth! Your dream of a holiday becomes a reality the moment you step aboard French Railways. For there you will find comfort, fine cuisine and courteous service as you speed towards the thrills and spills of Winter Sports.

THROUGH SERVICES. Winter sports through services from Calais to the Alps with wagon-lit sleepers which now cost considerably less, couchettes or ordinary seats.

TOURIST OR PARTY TICKETS offer big reductions on ordinary fares on certain conditions.

SPEED AND PUNCTUALITY. French Railways have the fastest trains (steam, diesel, electric) in Europe—in some cases, the fastest in the World—and they still maintain their already high punctuality record with 85% of their express trains arriving absolutely on or ahead of time!

COMFORT. The modern all-metal air-conditioned express carriages of French Railways with improved suspension and running on first-class track are a pleasure to travel in.

... GO BY



FRENCH RAILWAYS

Information, tickets and reservations from any good Travel Agent
or French Railways Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1

CVS-106

"It's my idea of
the perfect holiday"

"My dear, the 'Palace' is quite fabulous, for one thing you needn't go outside the grounds to enjoy everything you could possibly want from a holiday. They've got a private golf course, open and covered tennis courts, swimming—and resident professionals to help you as well. The service is efficient and courteous, the accommodation is wonderful—and the food couldn't be better."

"It sounds like an earthly Paradise!"

It is—all this, and Devon too is at the

PALACE HOTEL

THE FINEST HOTEL
ON THE ENGLISH COAST

TORQUAY

Manager: George Conquest, F.H.C.I.
Telephone: 2271

Through Express train services from the North, the Midlands and London.



A sherry that is sheer delight

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 42/7d; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.

Pintail

SHERRY

Established 1800

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND



OVERSEAS SHIPPING

When calling at these Canadian Ports
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND
HALIFAX, N.S.—SAINT JOHN, N.B.
QUEBEC and MONTREAL, QUE.
VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B.C.

"EXPORT" CIGARETTES

at competitive prices "In Bond" for
passenger and crew use.

MACDONALD'S—SINCE 1858



Made by

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-
liqueur of the mint!

I love

APRY

the liqueur of
the Apricot



THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

All new Books available on day
of publication. Secondhand and
rare Books on every subject. Stock
of over three million volumes.

Subscriptions taken for British,
American and Continental maga-
zines; and we have a first-class
Postal Library.

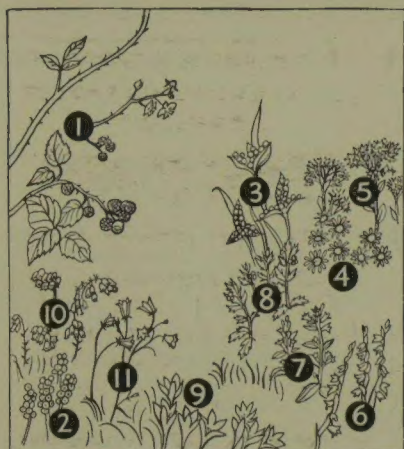
Foyles have depts. for Gramophone
Records, Stationery, Handicraft
Tools and Materials, Music.

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps.
119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W.C.2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

SHELLGUIDE to SEPTEMBER lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



THERE are berries and fruits, (1) *Blackberries*; sinister *Lords-and-Ladies* (2); the twisted lively fruits of (3) *Gladdon* or *Stinking Iris*, which smells like raw beef. But this late month has its flowers. *Sea Aster*, or *Summer's Farewell* (4) grows on cliffs or in salt marshes, like a Michaelmas Daisy. *Orpine* (5) is still out, once sold on London streets as 'Solomon's Puzzle'. In the wet autumn turf are (6) *Ladies' Tresses*, the year's last orchid; and (7) *Felwort* sticks up, livid gentian-like, but not a true gentian, known in Shetland as 'Deadman's Mittens'. Meadows in western counties may be coloured with stiff, sticky *Yellow Bartsia* (8). *Meadow Saffron*, *Naked Nannies* or *Star-naked Boys* (9) appear as glistening tubes naked from the earth, with no leaves as yet. Prosaically this plant still gives the standard medicine for relieving gout. *Cross-leaved Heather* (10) begins to look ragged. Most of all (11) *Harebells*—which are Scotland's 'Bluebells'—belong to this season, flowers ascribed to witches, devils and goblins. An Irish name for them means 'Goblin's Thimble'.

You can be sure of



THE KEY TO THE
COUNTRYSIDE

Roads laid on PAPER

Did you know that modern roads are laid on paper? Specially treated kraft paper* goes down first. Then the concrete and reinforcements are laid, with the certainty of being fully protected until they are set and established. Similar specially prepared kraft is used, also, to "cure" the new concrete road surface — and protect it from frost. This is only one of the many ways in which Aylesford Kraft Paper serves industry; as a protective wrapping paper it has no equal. And though Aylesford Kraft is only one of the important papers made by the Reed Paper Group, more kraft paper is made at Aylesford than at any other mill in Europe.



* Kraft paper laminated with bitumen

(with or without fabric reinforcement) is used for this purpose.

There is no better Kraft than AYLESFORD KRAFT—made in Kent by British craftsmen

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD

Aylesford Mills, Tovil Mills and Bridge Mills, Maidstone

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO LTD	•	EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD	•	THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD	•	BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD	•	THE THOMPSON & NORRIS MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
REED PAPER SALES LTD	•	REED FLONG LTD	•	POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD	•	REED PAPER HYGIENE LTD	•	THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1

Reed
PAPER GROUP